

THIRTY CENTS





How to catch a Thunderbird

Find one that's standing still. In full flight this is a most elusive species—with a rare talent for disappearing from the view of lesser cars. It is powered by a Thunderbird 390 V-8 and equipped with a number of features that make it remarkably easy to handle, exceptionally pleasant to ride in.

Although it may remind you of a sports car, particularly in the Sports Roadster version shown here, it still ranks among the world's foremost luxury

cars. Interiors have contoured bucket seats, a personal console, deep-foam cushioning, glove-soft upholsteries and special Thunderbird conveniences like the Swing-Away Steering Wheel.

A tradition of superb engineering has

resulted in a constant program of refinement (a list of the changes between '62 and '63 alone would make a small book.) As you might expect, Thunderbird—with its exceptionally high resale value—continues to be one of the finest investments in automotive history. May we suggest that you see your Ford Dealer? He may have one in his showroom that's standing still.

Thunderbird
unique in all the world 

FOR 40 YEARS THE SYMBOL
OF DEPENDABLE PRODUCTS



MOTOR COMPANY

Can't live on a budget?

How often have you said to yourself: "It's hard enough to meet expenses let alone *save* money!"

You can do both—within your income—claim John and Alice Flaherty, well-known

writers, lecturers and counselors on family money management. Their principles of spending-and-saving, together with dozens of practical tips, have been compiled in a booklet, "How to Make the Most of Your Family's Income"—and it's yours for the asking from New York Life.

"Pay Yourself First" is the Key. There's no "trick" to proper money managing, the authors point out, but there are several fundamentals. First, "it is important that you develop a sense of appreciation for your own income level." In addition, you must calculate on the basis of *net* income, and make it a rule to "pay yourself first"; that is, include a specified amount of savings, no matter how small, among your regular expenses.

It Takes Planning, Not Depriving. To help you start, the authors offer a guide, involving simple arithmetic, that shows how to "calendarize" expenses systematically, regardless of your income range. However, this plan is not a "tighten your belt" system, but includes such items as entertainment, gifts, vacations, as well as necessities.

It is not the authors' intention to lead you into a rigid system. Instead, their booklet helps you double-check where your money has been going and plan better for the future. Their experience and advice should prove most valuable to your family.

Helpful Advice—Yours Free. For your free copy of this helpful booklet send the coupon or ask your New York Life Agent, The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know.

Start your financial planning with
NEW YORK LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY *(style)*

Dept. TI-2, Box 10, Madison Square Station,
New York 10, New York
(Or 443 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont.)

I would like a free copy of "How to Make the Most of Your Family's Income"

NAME _____ AGE _____
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COUNTY _____ STATE _____

Question for wives of top executives:

Should you coax your husband to go to Europe next time on a giant Cunard Queen?



Something went out of travel when speed became a fetish. Tensions increase. Health and efficiency suffer. Why not try a little gentle persuasion—and get him back to the sea and the peace and steady pace of a great Cunarder.

Three days to catch up on work, a weekend off, and he's in Europe—fighting fit. And you'll probably sleep easier yourself.

Why are more and more businessmen switching to the sea route to Europe? The magazine *Business Week* suggests: "An . . . ocean voyage can be a godsend to the executive, even on a business trip."

At sea you are not whisked through five or six "time-zones." When you arrive you are alert and on your toes. And First Class fare on a famous Queen need cost management no more than a First Class jet fare.

Now read what else you get for your money on the *Queen Elizabeth* and *Queen Mary*—world's largest passenger ships.

British seamanship—and service

What is so *special* about Cunard? One thing particularly. It is a *British* line—the *only* British line regularly plying the Atlantic. Thus you are sure of two things at least: inborn seamanship, and service as a fine art.

On each giant Queen there are *twelve hundred* faithful servants to look after you. Three-quarters of the Cunard stewards descend from seafaring families. Many of them have a record of four generations in Cunard service.

The Queens are *bigger* than ordinary ships. There are *three acres* of deck space for recreation—about the size of the Yale Bowl. The Queens have the *largest rooms* afloat.

There is plenty of room for your belongings. The average family can take over *half-a-ton* of baggage *free* on board.

You can amble more than *four hundred yards* at a stretch around the enclosed promenade deck—the length of a village street, or of the combined aisles of 14 jet aircraft.

On each of the Queens, *ten* officers assigned to bridge duty hold master's certificates. *Each one* is fully qualified to command a vessel at sea.

Time to think—and act

If you have business to transact, you have all the time in the world, and *no distracting telephone calls*. Yet you are within a second's reach of anyone, anywhere in the world. There are two complete radio stations on each of the Queens. And there is a staff of nine secretaries at your disposal.

Cunard carries more people across the Atlantic than any other shipping line. Most of them travel on the incomparable Queens. And an *increased* number are top executives who choose this way of travel for *sound business reasons*. Some notable examples: Harvey S. Firestone, Jr., Elmo Roper, E. B. Shaw, William M. Bristol.

The man who arrives in the conference room fresh from a Cunard voyage stands out from the others. He is rested, refreshed, tanned by the sun and salt air. He is on top of the world—and on top of the job.

Three Cunard extras

1. **Largest ship to the Mediterranean**—the *Mauretania* now offers direct service to Naples, with calls at Gibraltar, Cannes and Genoa.
2. **You can sail from Canada** in the grandeur of the St. Lawrence route aboard the *Franconia* and *Carmania* to Rotterdam via Cobh, Havre or Southampton. There are also regular sailings on the *Carinthia* to Greenock and Liverpool.
3. **Sea-air combination**: If you are pressed for time, combine a restful 5-day ocean crossing with one way by air and still enjoy traditional British service and efficiency. You can make reservations on regular BOAC flights through any Cunard office or your travel agent.

*For details about Cunard sailings, see your travel agent or local Cunard office:
Main office in U.S., 25 Broadway, New York 4, New York.*





When your sunglasses photograph your vacation...
you can still be writing with your 1963 gift:
the Sheaffer LIFETIME® Fountain Pen

Sheaffer introduces the one pen so nearly perfect it's guaranteed for life.

Even in the world of the 21st Century you can still enjoy the instant responses...the comfortable "give" of the 14K gold point. The craftsmen at Sheaffer inlaid this point, anchoring it deep in the plastic of the barrel. The result is an exceptionally strong bond between the flexible 14K gold and the firm plastic.

We sincerely believe that your first signature will be such a smooth writing experience you'll never want another pen. And happily it is guaranteed for the rest of your life.

Why not give this Sheaffer LIFETIME Fountain Pen to someone you hold in high regard? The feeling will be mutual.



This modern fountain pen fills quickly, cleanly, and surely with a leakproof Skip cartridge. Prices start at \$12.50. With matching pencil, \$20.00. Now in a night-blue gift box at your fine pen dealer's.



SHEAFFER'S

... all you need to know about a pen

© 1963 W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Ft. Madison, Ia.

TIME, APRIL 26, 1963



like father



love son

For every man who ever fell in love with a 'Jeep'—a new kind of family station wagon has been born. The 'Jeep' Wagoneer. It's the first station wagon ever built to offer the comfort, silence, speed and smoothness of a passenger car—plus the traction and safety of 4-wheel drive.

It's sheer pleasure to drive. Simple too. One lever puts you in 4-wheel drive. So at a second's notice you can shift into greater safety...from wheel-spinning in mud or snow...from skids on slick surfaces...from getting stuck or going out of control on the highway or off!

The Wagoneer really makes a demonstration worthwhile. It'll be your most exciting 30 minutes behind the wheel in 1963. By the way, 2-wheel drive models available too.

7 exclusive features that turned the 'Jeep' into a family station wagon: 1. Automatic Transmission.* 2. Independent Front Suspension.* 3. Both Power Steering and Power Brakes.* 4. Easy-To-Enter Doors open wider than other wagons. 5. New Tornado-OHC Engine. ("OverHead" Cam) Gives more horse. power on less gas. 6. More useable cargo area. High and Wide. 7. New 'Jeep' 4-Wheel Drive. Quiet. Simple one-lever shift. See your 'Jeep' Dealer today.

KAISER JEEP CORPORATION Toledo 1, Ohio

*Optional on the 'Jeep' Wagoneer and not available on any other 4-Wheel Drive Wagon.

shift into greater safety **NEW 'JEEP' WAGONEER** the family wagon with 4-wheel drive.



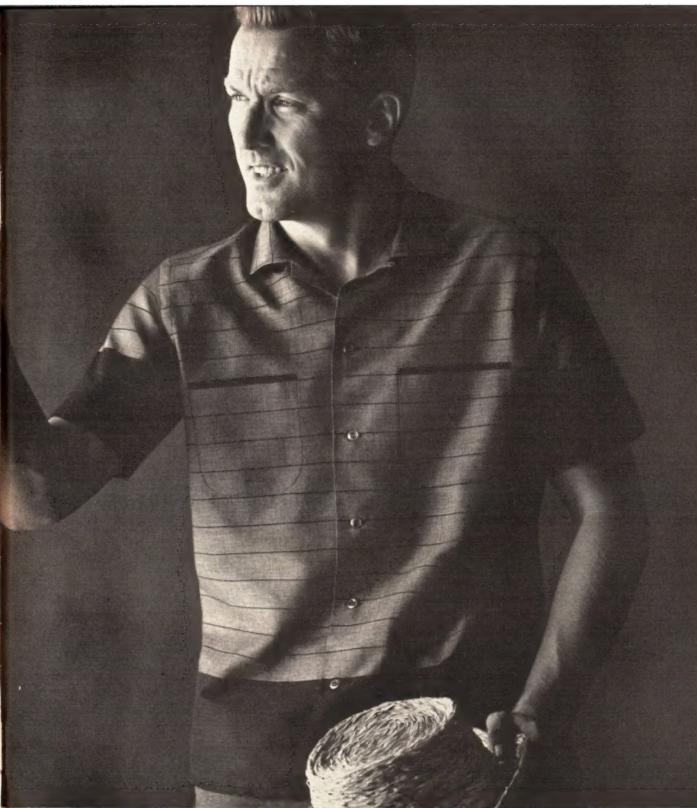
a cosmetic sold in gallon jugs?

It surprises everyone but a TEN-O-SIX user

If you are not a Ten-O-Six user, we have beginner sizes starting at four ounces (\$1.75). Try Ten-O-Six Lotion, first, in one of our smaller sizes. They fit better on shelves and offer the same effective corrective complexion care and deep, immaculate cleansing. You'll work your way up to the gallon (\$30). It's such a saving, at better cosmetics counters.

If you would like a sample of Ten-O-Six, along with a selection of other Bonne Bell corrective cosmetics, send \$1.00 to Bonne Bell, Dept. T, Cleveland 7, Ohio.

Bonne Bell
Cleveland 7, Ohio



A Sport Shirt Is Excello
This One Is Corsair



A sport shirt with a different look and a jaunty air is the result of an unusual arrangement of woven engineered stripes and panels. Superbly tailored of very fine long staple cotton, it is equally smart in marine, silver, palm, luggage, blue, olive or tobacco. About \$8.95 For the name of the fine store nearest you, write to Excello, Inc., 390 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.



"Wow! Scouring's hard on a lady's hands.
Wouldn't Stainless utensils stop that?"



"But why can't I help you, Mommy?
How could I hurt Stainless?"



"Dent? What kind of word is 'dent'?
You never use that word with Stainless."



"How could that new pot turn color already?
It can't be made of Stainless Steel."



"For really modern kitchens and modern living,
what else is there but Stainless Steel things?"



"Really, Mother . . . I've told you and told you,
Stainless things don't need replacing every year."



"Certainly, everyone admits the next best thing to food is Stainless Steel."



"It's your fault if I chipped it, Mommy. If you had Stainless, it wouldn't chip."



"So company's coming. Why hide the cookware? If it was Stainless Steel, it wouldn't need to be."



"These Special 'Gleam of Stainless' Sales certainly put a gleam in a girl's eye."

The GLEAM OF STAINLESS Steel sales featured at leading stores from April 24 to May 4 are really a chance to save. And all year round, stainless steel products are vastly superior. They can't rust, can't tarnish, are hard, dense and strong. They have no plating to wear off . . . always stay bright and gleaming even under the stress of daily use. A whisk with a damp cloth makes the stainless gleam back at you. Buy for a lifetime—with stainless steel.



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Come see the handsome display at our Mercedes-Benz Park Avenue Salon—or our Salon at 11th Avenue and 54th Street.

Drive these cars yourself...have all details explained by factory-trained experts...and learn about the savings in taking delivery abroad. We have the largest selection of Mercedes-Benz new and used automobiles, the largest Service and Parts operations, in the East.



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South Pacific and Orient

South Pacific and Orient Combined
50 Exotic Days from \$2590.

A Grand Tour...In every way except cost. Depart San Francisco via Matson luxury liners, First Class state-rooms. See Bora Bora, Tahiti, Rarotonga, New Zealand, Australia...plus Bali, Singapore, Bangkok, 5 days in Hong Kong and 8 days in Japan. Return via Hawaii with 4 days at the Royal Hawaiian in Waikiki. Leisurely travel and four winds care.



Entire South Pacific Cruise/Tour
69 Days from \$2850.

Depart San Francisco via Matson luxury liners, Bora Bora, Tahiti, Rarotonga. Plus 15 days in New Zealand and 17 days in Australia, New Caledonia, Fiji, Tonga, Samoa and Hawaii. Living at its leisurely best the Four Winds way.

Both Cruises depart San Fran. May 28, June 20, July 11, Aug. 4, 28, Sept. 18, Oct. 13, Nov. 3, monthly. See your Travel Agent or Send for free Brochures

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

The Ugly American. Marlon Brando arrives in mythical South Sarkhan (or possibly South Viet Nam) to take over the embassy, and walks smack into a revolution triggered by his old wartime buddy, a native named Deong. As an ambassador, Brando looks like something out of an old Grace Moore movie, but he seems cut out for the job: his Sarkhanese is better than his English.

Bye Bye Birdie. This adolescent operetta loses a lot in translation from stage to screen. Ann-Margret, as the girl from Sweet Apple, Ohio, who gets involved with a mush-mouthed rock-'n'-roller named Conrad Birdie, can't fool anybody into believing that she is 16 years old. But then she doesn't really try.

I Could Go On Singing. If much of this movie is like a collection of scenes from some as-yet-unproduced *Judy Garland Story* (she wrangles over the custody of a child, she twitches with distress, she Goes On With the Show), Judy is acting every minute. And Garland's acting, unlike her singing, gets better and better.

Love Is a Ball. In this Riviera-based frappé, Hope Lange is an heiress who chases Chauffeur Glenn Ford. Charles Braver adds a zestful touch of Gallic.

Five Miles to Midnight. Sophia Loren and Tony Perkins in a thriller about a ne'er-do-well who escapes from a plane wreck and involves his wife in a plot to collect his life insurance. It is good, solid, black-and-white suspense stuff.

The Birds. Alfred Hitchcock hates birds and the Audulson Society hates Alfred Hitchcock.

The Balcony. Jean Genet's allegory of life as a bawdyhouse where men buy illusions at the price of their masculinity. Shelley Winters is the madam who knows what her customers want.

Mondo Cane. Some episodes in this stomach-churning travelogue are almost Swiftian in their comment on human frailty. Others are simply funny. But the best worst parts provide some of the bloodiest minutes to hit the screen in a long time.

TELEVISION

Wednesday, April 24

Portrait (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.).* Metropolitan Opera Soprano Eileen Farrell discusses her career as singer and alternate offstage role of wife and mother.

Thursday, April 25

Premiere (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). "The Town That Died" stars Dana Andrews in a drama about an island town that shrivels up and turns to dust.

Friday, April 26

Jack Paar (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Guests: Kate Smith, Jonathan Winters, Cliff Arquette. Color.

Eyewitness (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). The top news story of the week.

Saturday, April 27

Exploring (NBC, 12:30-1:30 p.m.). The cultural-educational children's series. Fo-

All times through April 27 E.S.T. after that, L.D.T.

Now! A dramatic breakthrough makes electric shaving

Sharp!

because
Schick brings you
a cutting head of
**Surgical
Stainless
Steel**



...and Schick's exclusive new cutting head is washable!



Only Schick's new surgical stainless steel cutting head can give you an electric shave that's perfectly *smooth*, perfectly *clean*, perfectly *close*. It's sharper when you buy it—*still* sharper after hundreds, even thousands of shaves. Only Schick lets you *wash* away whiskers, facial oils and germs—right under the faucet. You'll find Schick's surgical stainless steel on the Super Speed and the new Eterna (S) Power. The Schick Eterna (S) Power shaves with cord or *without*—on rechargeable energy cells.

SCHICK

 the mark of quality

GUSTAV MAHLER ONCE SAID
"MY TIME WILL YET COME"

IT HAS!

Mahler's milieu was Vienna and until recent years American conductors have often neglected his work. But this Fall when the Boston Symphony under its distinguished new Viennese-born conductor, Erich Leinsdorf, played Mahler's First Symphony, the audience stood and cheered!

Shortly after, an RCA Victor recording crew moved into Symphony Hall to record this most stirring music in Dynagroove—the magnificent new sound the first album in the long new Dynagroove by RCA Victor developed by RCA Victor. More than once a note perfect



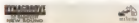
performance was rejected, a mike adjusted to capture the exact "ethereal" string quality, or moved a few inches to give "bite" to a brass soloists figure—all to obtain the most natural sound. Writing of the live performance, one critic noted, "...there are not words...that can do justice to great music, greatly played." An industry aside, we'd like to add "greatly recorded!" This is one of the first albums in the long new Dynagroove by RCA Victor described in more complete detail in the adjoining column.



RCA VICTOR
 RED SEAL RECORDS

HEAR IT! COMPARE IT!

THE SOUND ON THIS
RECORD CHALLENGES
COMPARISON WITH
THE SOUND OF ANY
OTHER RECORD ON
ANY LABEL ANYWHERE



Mahler/Symphony No. 1
Boston Symphony Orch.
Erich Leinsdorf



The Maestro of Mahler

DYNAGROOVE

THE MAGNIFICENT
NEW SOUND
DEVELOPED BY RCA VICTOR

DYNAGROOVE! It's a completely new kind of recording! No additional equipment is needed for either stereo or monaural. Hailed by the critics who report: "Evidence thus far produced that the new process possibly is the greatest breakthrough in recorded sound since the introduction of the long-play record."

Improvements range from the studio through every recording step to the very essence of the record. For the first time your phonograph needle moves in a true dynamic track. Distortion is eliminated. Here is what you will hear:

1. True brilliance at high, normal, and low levels.
2. Perfected presence at all volume levels.
3. Greater clarity of instruments and voices.
4. Remarkable fidelity even near record's center.

Dynagroove records are in the same manufacturer's nationally advertised price categories as conventional records. Available only at your RCA Victor record dealer.

AVAILABLE IN LIVING STEREO AND MONORAL, WITH



RCA VICTOR
The most trusted name in sound

cuses on stamps, ravens, and the harp. Color.

The Defenders (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). The Prestons' clients: this week, three men charged with a lynch murder, featuring Larry Hagman, Roy Poole and Milton Selzer.

Saturday Night at the Movies (NBC, 9:11-10:05 p.m.). *Three Coins in the Fountain*, starring Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire, Louis Jourdan and Rossano Brazzi, all in living color.

Sunday, April 28

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). A documentary, "Frogmen of the Future," on underwater training techniques taught by the U.S. Navy.

White Paper (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Chet Huntley on "The Business of Gambling."

Monday, April 29

Monday Night at the Movies (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). *The Hunters*, with Robert Mitchum, Robert Wagner, Richard Egan and May Britt. Color.

Ben Casey (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). A female psychiatrist (Patricia Neal) uses a truth serum to rouse one of her unresponsive patients.

Tuesday, April 30

Close-Up! (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). A survey of Britain's serious air-pollution problem.

THEATER

On Broadway

Mother Courage, by Bertolt Brecht, follows the harsh fortunes of its shrewd heroine as she peddles belts and brandy to soldiers and loses her three children in the Thirty Years War. Astrigent, ironic, mockingly anti-heroic, the play is a black comedy with the purgative power of tragedy, but Anne Bancroft lacks the granitic authority that the central role demands.

Strange Interlude, by Eugene O'Neill. Time has added a comic flavor to this 4½-hour Freudian opus that the somber-spirited playwright never intended. However, O'Neill's innate theater sense saves all but the silliest lines, and the playing of effluent Geraldine Page and her Actors Studio cohorts is a delight to behold.

Enter Laughing, by Joseph Stein. There is an improvisational air to this play that lends freshness to a stately familiar genre, the Jewish family comedy. As a youngster with a yen to act, Alan Arkin is rib-splittingly funny.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, by Edward Albee. Rasping family squabbles are the scenes U.S. playwrights handle best, and this savage-witted, nightlong bout of man and wife rants with the best of the breed. Arthur Hill and Uta Hagen are the battlers.

Never Too Late, by Sumner Arthur Long. Paul Ford's gloom at the thought of becoming a father at 60 provokes a two-hour hailstorm of pelting laughs.

Off Broadway

To the Water Tower. There is bee-stinging humor and zany, zooming fantasy in this new satirical revue by the Second City troupe, as it buzzes busily around Cuba, camp counselors and bomb-shelter salesmen.

Six Characters in Search of an Author is a model revival of the Pirandello classic, in which illusion wrestles with reality and

HEAR IT! COMPARE IT!

EXCLUSIVE! SPECIAL
INTRODUCTORY OFFER
AT MOST BUICK DEALERS:

EXCITING NEW
DYNAGROOVE L.P. ALBUM
"THE SOUND OF TOMORROW!"



DYNAGROOVE

THE MAGNIFICENT
NEW SOUND
DEVELOPED BY RCA VICTOR

To preview RCA Victor's thrilling new Dynagroove recordings, visit your local Buick Dealer for the Dynagroove L.P. "The Sound of Tomorrow." It features selections from each of the first great albums recorded in the new sound process. Music by Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops; pianist, Peter Nero; Hugo and Luigi Chorus; Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony with music by Ravel; Sid Ram-nin and orchestra; Scherzo from Mahler's Symphony No. 1 with the Boston Symphony under Erich Leinsdorf; a patriotic song by the Shaw Chorus; Un Bel Di from "Madama Butterfly" with Leontyne Price; "Supercussion" with Dick Shory's percussion pops orchestra.

Hear it! Compare the Dynagroove sound with that on any other record on any label anywhere. This exciting new album, "The Sound of Tomorrow" is available only at your Buick dealer. Pick one up today and you'll want all the great new albums in Dynagroove!

AVAILABLE IN LIVING STEREO AND MONORAL, WITH



RCA VICTOR
The most trusted name in sound

STOCK



clearly...
the dry-est
Vermouth

Anywhere in the world, say STOCK
Dry or Sweet Vermouth, Brandy, Cordials.

U.S. IMPORTER: DISTILLERIE STOCK U.S.A. LTD., N.Y.
U.S. SALES AGENT: JACK POUST & COMPANY, INC., N.Y.

STOCK



clearly...
the light-est
Brandy

Anywhere in the world, say STOCK
the Brandy, Brandy, Brandy, Brandy

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both ambiguously exchange identities. William Ball's direction is organic, coursing like blood along a vein to the heart of the play, which is the mind.

The Tiger and The Typists, by Murray Schisgal. The eupeptic pleasure with which Fil Wallach and Anne Jackson cavort through these two clever one-acters is highly contagious. *The Tiger* is the better play, as it hoists two engines of nonconformist clichés on their own pretentious petard.

BOOKS

Best Reading

A Life of One's Own, by Gerald Brenan. A sharp-eyed and superbly honest autobiography by a 69-year-old Englishman who at 25 opted out of civilization to pursue a hermit's vocation.

The Brutal Friendship, by F. W. Deakin. In a scrupulously documented study, Historian Deakin shows how unacknowledged friction between Hitler and Mussolini poisoned the relations and disrupted the war efforts of their two countries.

Napoleon in Egypt, by J. Christopher Herold. The vividly detailed saga of Napoleon's three years in Egypt and of the gradual erosion of both his army and his dream of Eastern empire.

Speculations About Jakob, by Uwe Johnson. One of Germany's most gifted young novelists finds the death—by suicide or accident—of a humble East German line dispatcher an excuse to delve provocatively and perceptively into the small tensions and the human concerns of a divided world.

The Great Hunger, by Cecil Woodham-Smith. A bitter and articulate account of Ireland's potato famine (1845-49), by a British historian who is a master of creative research.

Fantastic Stories, by Abram Tertz. Parables by a pseudonymous Soviet writer that illustrate by the light of fantasy how the eye of Big Brother orders the realities of Soviet life.

The Conservative Enemy, by C.A.R. Crosland. A hard-minded British socialist has at fossilized economic thinking of dogmatists in his own party.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour An Introduction*, Salinger (1, last week)
2. *Seven Days in May*, Knebel and Bailey (2)
3. *The Sand Pebbles*, McKenna (3)
4. *Fail-Safe*, Birdick and Wheeler (4)
5. *The Glass-Blowers*, Du Maurier
6. *Triumph*, Wyllie (5)
7. *The Tin Drum*, Grass (7)
8. *The Moonflower Vine*, Carleton (10)
9. *The Moon-Spinners*, Stewart (6)
10. *\$100 Misunderstanding*, Gussow (8)

NONFICTION

1. *Travels with Charley*, Steinbeck (1)
2. *The Whole Truth and Nothing But, Hopper*, (2)
3. *The Fire Next Time*, Baldwin (3)
4. *O Ye Jigs & Juleps!*, Hudson (5)
5. *The Fall of the Dynasties*, Taylor (6)
6. *Final Verdict*, St. Johns (4)
7. *Silent Spring*, Carson (7)
8. *The Feminine Mystique*, Friedan (9)
9. *My Life in Court*, Nizer (10)
10. *The Points of My Compass*, White (8)



Rome, London and Paris are three of the cities you can visit on KLM's new "\$5-a-day Plan." Clip coupon for more details.

How to see Europe with KLM and spend only \$5 a day on bed, breakfast and sightseeing

This summer, thousands of Americans will see Europe on an unusual, new kind of tour. They will plan their own itineraries, set their own pace—yet pay the low prices that most people think are available only on the least expensive group tours. This new tour plan has been developed by KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch.

"THE great advantage of our new tours," says Charles Bulterman, KLM's Tour Manager, "is that you visit only the cities you want to see—no more and no less—and you stay exactly as long as you want in each."

What you get for \$5 a day

Here is what KLM's \$5-a-day tour plan includes:

1. Accommodations in good, comfortable hotels—the kind where you are likely to meet more European than American travelers.
2. A hearty European breakfast.
3. At least one sightseeing tour in every city you visit—and two in many of them.
4. In some cities, lunch will be included. KLM also has \$10 and \$15 a day tour plans. They provide more luxurious accommodations, lunch or dinner in most cities, and extra sightseeing tours.

"KLM can bring you these low prices," Mr. Bulterman explains, "because it has been flying around Europe for 43 years. This has given us time to

evaluate hundreds of lower-priced hotels. We now know the best bargains."

How the plan works

KLM's plan is simplicity itself. First, decide how many days you want to spend in Europe and whether you want to spend \$5, \$10, or \$15 a day. Then decide which cities you want to visit, and how long you want to stay in each.

Next, take all this information to your travel agent and tell him you want to fly on KLM's plan-it-yourself tours. And that's all there is to it. He'll do the rest.

How KLM can save you more money

KLM can cut the cost of your European tour still further. If you fly to the farthest city on your itinerary, KLM lets you visit the others for little or no extra fare.

KLM will also advise you about reliable, inexpensive restaurants where you can have

lunch or dinner for less than \$2.

You can take your whole tour on KLM's pay later plan—ten percent down and up to two years to pay. KLM's interest rate is lower than most bank rates.

Send for free booklet of 27 KLM tours

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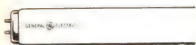
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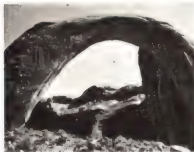
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LETTERS

Hold Back the Flood

Sir:

It's no wonder the U.S. won't give a cent to help save the 1,000-year-old Temple of Abu Simbel [April 12]. Right now Colorado River water caught by Glen Canyon Dam is rushing toward Rainbow Bridge—the most beautiful and largest of all known natural stone arches, a natural wonder of the world carved by nature long before Egyptian Pharaoh Ramses II thought of praising himself with a temple carved by slaves. Congress



RAINBOW BRIDGE

vowed to save the bridge in the 1946 Colorado River Storage Act. But the promised protection facilities have never been built. Maybe the nations that have so generously contributed to help save Abu Simbel could give the U.S. some money to help Congress keep its promises before miles of water put Rainbow Bridge to sleep.

DONALD J. DE LA PEÑA

San Jose, Calif.

► The Department of the Interior now says that there is no physical threat to Rainbow Bridge and geologists have promised that the water level will never reach it.—Ed.

Sir:

My husband suggests making a plaster cast of the temple, raising the cast by steel cables to the top of the cliff, and there casting a replica.

I would use the universal answer to all parking problems—the plastic bag—to wrap the temple in.

(MRS.) NANCY TERZINO

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Why not simply raise the four Ramses II statues 200 ft. to ground level, and then seal the present "front door" of the temple

A tunnel could be cut through from the surface to make the temple interior accessible from above. All that would be lost would be the original façade, which could be reconstructed 200 ft. higher, using the original statues and other movable exterior work. This plan would cost much less.

P. L. FORSTALL

Evansville, Ill.

Sir:

My proposition, of course, is the ultimate in economic feasibility. Use the Italian principle. But don't jack the temple up; simply float it up on buoyant tanks. For nothing more than the hell of it I'd be prepared to work out the physical concepts involved.

JOHN R. BOWLES

Chicago

Sir:

Your article fails to mention a very interesting solution presented by Polish architects, which has received a favorable opinion from the Egyptian government.

The solution consists of the construction of a semicircular concrete amphitheater embracing the temple on both sides. The project is similar to the French one, with the exception that water seepage will be avoided, and in its cost, which has been estimated at \$10 million.

ADAM POLAKIEWICZ

Sao Paulo, Brazil

Sir:

It will be one of the ironies of history if the culture-conscious Kennedy Administration allows the destruction of the Temple of Abu Simbel through failure to provide the money needed to supplement funds pledged by the U.N.

The money is readily available in Egypt in the form of counterpart funds: money the U.A.R. paid to the U.S. but which cannot be used anywhere but in Egypt. Thus this wonder of the ancient world might easily be saved without the cost of one cent to U.S. taxpayers.

BARBARA J. SWITALSKI

Chicago

► There are sufficient counterpart funds in Egypt to save Abu Simbel, and they could be made available if the White House and Congress agreed that the money should be used for that purpose.—Ed.

Spirits That Take a Side

Sir:

Time (April 11th) says "U.S. distillers are at a disadvantage because federal law limits the amount of neutral spirits they may use

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These facts were reiterated by Dwight E. Avis, director of the Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division of the IRS in a 1960 address to the National Conference of State Liquor Administrators.

P. J. WOODHOUSE

Scotch Whisky Association
Edinburgh

I Remember

Sir

Your article on the Armory show re-created [April 5] was excellent and gave me quite a touch of nostalgia. You showed the sculpture section of the 1911 show—where I spent part of every day while the exhibition was on. I also enjoyed, on the same page, the photos of Arthur B. Davies and Walt Kuhn, both good friends of mine.

I remember the kick I got the first time I saw Lehmbruck's work—especially his *Kneeling Woman*, one of the finest examples of modern sculpture. That and Paul Gauguin's *but sculpt* were among my favorites and were so marked in my 1911 catalogue.

I have enjoyed *TIME* for many years—and look forward every week to the Art section.

ROBERT LAURENT

Indiana University
Bloomington, Ind.

Inside the Insiders

Sir

In referring to your story on the school of young Mexican painters who take their name from the title of my book, *The Insiders*, William D. Gorman, whose letter was published in the April 12 issue, misses the point.

Painters like Wyeth and Shahn, he asserts, evoke "tenderness, pity, humanism and dignity," whereas the young Mexicans show man as "misshapen" and "stripped of all dignity." The assumption is that the humanist artist, unless he be an optimist, caters to the "current sickness fad."

Most of the Mexican *Insiders*, while not wholly pessimistic, do tend to see modern man as afflicted by indecision, doubt and guilt, often isolated, and sometimes disfigured by the failure to achieve love in a brutalizing social environment. The same is true of the imagery of such American humanist artists as Lebrun, Baskin and Kearns. And it is certainly true of such humanist masters as Bruegel and Bosch, Goya and Rembrandt.

Wyeth and Shahn, incidentally, are discussed sympathetically in my book. And I share Mr. Gorman's admiration for the not-so-optimistic Hopper and Broderson.

SELDEN RODMAN

Oakland, N.J.

The Oldest Profession

Sir

Prostitution will continue to exist as long as there is a demand. Few socialists would support the statement that the abolition of unemployment would, *ipso facto*, eliminate prostitution [April 12]. Only with the elimination of demand, through a changed social

Editor: Professor Emeritus of
Biology, The Art Dept.

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climate, will prostitution be fully abolished. Eradication of unemployment and the occasional illegality "clean-ups" have proved, and will continue to prove, of little value in combating the continuance of this "industry." When, then, will prostitution cease to exist? The answer will probably be forthcoming from radiation physicists rather than sociologists.

ALAN E. BAYER

Tallahassee, Fla.

Daley & Arvey

Sir:

In order that your excellent profile of Mayor Daley [Mar. 15] be factually correct, be advised that Richard J. Daley's ambition to be mayor was not "unthinkable" to me, and his candidacy in 1955 was not in defiance of my wishes.

J. M. ARVEY

Chicago

► *Good Democrat Arvey did indeed support Daley, on the record, and was warmed to him since.*—Ed.

The Right Climate

Sir:

In the Education article on Shimer [April 19], you list that college as "one of eleven U.S. campuses that have an ideal 'intellectual climate' in the opinion of Syracuse University Psychologist George G. Stern."

Which are the other ten campuses possessing Dr. Stern's ideal?

JERRY WESTIN

New York City

► *Antioch (Ohio), Bennington (Vt.), Bryn Mawr (Pa.), Goddard (Vt.), Oberlin (Ohio), Reed (Ore.), Sarah Lawrence (N.Y.), Swarthmore (Pa.), Vassar (N.Y.) and Wesleyan University (Conn.).*—Ed.

Tomato Surprise

Sir:

What a difference a few pages can make. In the Show Business section of your April 19 issue, you credited me with helping Joan Crawford become the most photographed star at the Oscar presentations. My cup of pride ran over until I turned to Cinema, where your movie reviewer put me in the tomato-stuffing business as the result of a red chiffon dress Judy Garland wore in *I Could Go On Singing*.

Of course, since I was credited as costume designer, your critic would have no way of knowing this, but please, just for the record, I designed all of Judy's costumes for the picture with the exception of one. Uh-huh. You're right. I don't know how that red number slipped in. I plead innocent. Hollywood gremlins, I imagine.

It's always a pleasure to appear in TIME, but please, not as a tomato specialist.

EDITH HEAD

Los Angeles

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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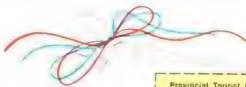
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A letter from
the
PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Amer

WHEN TIME's John McPhee telephoned London to notify Richard Burton that he would be on our cover, Burton agreed on the condition that McPhee do all the interviewing of him as well as the writing. The proposition was unique, but not unprecedented, so off to London went McPhee, who as a student at Cambridge University had watched Burton play Caliban, Sir Toby Belch and Hamlet. They came to know each other during the out-of-town try-outs of *Camelot*, while McPhee was doing the cover story on Playwright Lerner and Composer Lowe, and after the New York opening McPhee would drop in occasionally at Burton's dressing room, liking to listen to the actor's vividly intelligent views on everything from baseball to bad 19th century poets.

In London, spending hours on the set or at the Dorchester Hotel interviewing Burton, McPhee became a competitor with Elizabeth Taylor for Burton's time. She retaliated by making herself what McPhee calls "an amiable nuisance. Her behavior reminded me of my middle daughter—not the older one, who is nearly five—but the middle one, Sarah, who is nearly three." Curling up her nose, Elizabeth Taylor would say, "I was on the cover of *TIME* when I was 16 years old" (actually when she was 17).

Burton obligingly called up his family in Pontrhydyfen and told them to look after his journalist friend, and in hospitable Welsh fashion they did. Burton had told him how "boys proved their manhood" in Pontrhydyfen by walking across a bridge on an inverted V railing over a 120-ft. gorge and the



JOHN McPHEE IN PONTRHYDYFEN

Avon River. To prove something or other McPhee had himself photographed on the same railing (*see cut*) to send to Burton.

A journalist is expected to observe with sympathy, but write what he must. McPhee, admiring Burton immensely but finding himself writing of him at a negative time in the actor's life, wound up feeling about his task as Burton did when he first saw the script of *Camelot*. "I think it can be done," Burton told his wife. "I think that I can just about tightrope it."

The railing is narrow, and the gorge below is deep, but readers can test how well McPhee succeeded in "The Man on the Billboard" in *SHOW BUSINESS*. He was helped immeasurably by the candor of that most complicated and honest man, Richard Burton. At one point, Elizabeth Taylor warned her friend that he was putting himself in peril by talking so freely to McPhee. By way of answer, Burton turned to McPhee, "You may be as vicious about me as you please. You will only do me justice."

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While most parents utilize life insurance for family security and protection, too few recognize the advantages to their children—by starting their children on a life insurance program.



Take the Clarke children for example. Permanent policies for them—with increasing cash values—can prove invaluable later on. And by starting young, rates are much lower, and cash value buildup is much larger.

Many new NML features apply particularly to young people's policies. One is the Owner-Option Plan (Additional Purchase Benefit) that guarantees his ability to buy additional policies even though he becomes uninsurable. Another is the Protected-Premium Plan (Payor Benefit) that suspends premium payment if a father should die or become disabled before the children can assume responsibility themselves (actually to age 25).

To see how Northwestern can help *your* family improve its life insurance plans, just call your Northwestern Mutual agent. He's in the phone book.

The quality of a company is reflected by its agents... and we are proud of NML agents' professional accomplishments. One out of six is a Chartered Life Underwriter. One out of ten is a member of the Million Dollar Round Table. Both records are considerably higher than the industry average.



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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

That Month

*April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.*

—T. S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*

John F. Kennedy could subscribe to the notion of April's cruelty—although those weren't exactly lilacs popping out about him. In April 1961, came his dismaying Bay of Pigs debacle. In April 1962, came his savage assault on the steel industry, which panted on him an antibusiness label he has been trying ever since to peel off. And in April 1963, both steel (*see following story*) and Cuba were back to plague him.

Cuba was most distressing: the Kennedy Administration and the Cuban exiles it had praised and supported were now fighting like fishwives. Their dispute came to a head last week with the resignation of former Havana Law Professor José Miró Cardona, 60, as head of the Cuban Revolutionary Council—a position for which he had been handpicked by the Administration. At issue: exile claims that the Administration had welshed on promises to help them return to their homeland and oust Castro.

The Johnstown Flood. The exiles had some cause for thinking that President Kennedy would back them all the way. As far back as Oct. 15, 1960, in a Johnstown, Pa., campaign speech, Kennedy had said: "Mr. Nixon hasn't mentioned Cuba very prominently in this campaign. He talks about standing firm in Berlin, standing firm in the Far East, standing up to Khrushchev, but he never mentioned standing firm in Cuba—and if you can't stand up to Castro, how can you be expected to stand up to Khrushchev? . . . While we cannot violate international law, we must recognize that these exiles and rebels represent the real voice of Cuba and should not be constantly handicapped by our immigration and Justice Department authorities."

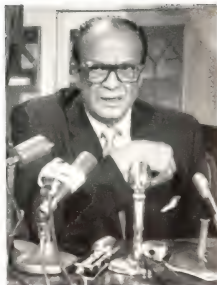
Again, last December, when the Bay of Pigs prisoners were ransomed from Castro, Kennedy greeted them at Miami's Orange Bowl, and, with a fervor that set the exiles aflame, proclaimed: "I can assure you that this flag will be returned to this brigade in a free Havana."

The Last Straw. Among those Bay of Pigs prisoners was Miró Cardona's son Pepito. As for Miró himself, he was a

staunch defender of U.S. policy toward Cuba. At the time of the Bay of Pigs, he publicly denied that the U.S. had played any part in the invasion, at the same time fought off bitter exile claims that Kennedy had let them down. Miró's defense of the U.S. cost him dearly among the exiles, many of whom came to consider him a self-seeking apologist for the Kennedy Administration.

The Administration's failure, after last October's Cuba crisis, to follow through on U.S. demands for on-site missile inspection and the removal of Russian troops, came as a staggering blow to Miró. The last straw came when the Administration, without advising Miró beforehand, announced an all-out crackdown on the exiles' hit-and-run raids against Cuba.

A few weeks ago, Miró flew to Washington, held an angry, four-hour meeting with Robert Kennedy and State Department Cuba Specialist Robert Hurwitt, another four-hour session with Hurwitt alone. Miró demanded that the U.S. provide \$50 million for an anti-Castro military operation, get the hemisphere to join in such a drive, and give the exiles "the same kind of help that the Soviet Union gives to Castro." The result was a flat turnaround: Miró was told that the U.S. remains determined to oust Castro (presumably by economic strangulation), but



DR. MIRÓ CARDONA
A promise remembered and denied.

that the U.S. will not permit its policies to be controlled by exile "war parties." In acid Spanish, Hurwitt told Miró that the exiles must fall into line or "no Cuban exile will obtain access to U.S. Government officials again."

Returning to Miami, Miró wrote out a highly emotional, 25-page statement of grievances. Instead of making it public, he sent it to the State Department and awaited the reaction—which was brutally swift in coming. State issued a statement accusing Miró of "gross distortions," threatened to cut off the \$100,000-a-month subsidy it has been slipping the Revolutionary Council through the CIA.

"In the *Vanguard*," Miró had only one course open to him: he resigned from the Revolutionary Council, released his statement. Miró told of his "two bitter



CUBAN REBEL RAIDERS IN NASSAU COURT
Sympathy and rather shabby treatment.



PRESIDENT KENNEDY POINTING ECONOMIC MORAL TO EDITORS
The steelmen were carefully not in concert.

years" since the Bay of Pigs, claimed that shortly after the invasion "Kennedy planned with me the immediate future of Cuba," including "help for the clandestine forces in Cuba" and "a single Army corps" of Cuban exiles.

In another talk, on April 10, 1962, Miró said, Kennedy told him in "an emphatic, conclusive and decisive manner" that the solution to the Castro problem "was essentially military—of six divisions." Miró insists that this was a specific invasion pledge and that the exiles would be part of the operation. "I left the White House with the certainty that there was approaching the liberation of the fatherland with the Cuban presence in the vanguard of combat," wrote Miró grandly. But then came disillusion. "The struggle for Cuba is in the process of being liquidated by the Government," Miró concluded. "The U.S. of North America has been the victim of a master play by the Russians."

It would seem almost incredible that Kennedy had made any specific invasion promises to Miró, and at week's end the President told the American Society of Newspaper Editors that no one in the Administration ever promised Miró "or anyone else, that we were going to launch a military invasion with six divisions." Said an Administration aide: "Good God, we have all sorts of contingency plans, but we never could and never would spill the details to Miró." A fellow exile leader, Dr. Manuel Antonio de Varona, said: "I never knew of a promise by President Kennedy for a second invasion of Cuba."

Most probably Miró's burning wish may have made him think he heard what he wanted to hear. Still, it was hard to avoid the conclusion that Miró had been treated rather shabbily and that there was only one real beneficiary of the unseemly squabble: the Castro government, which, for a change, accurately reported the news on Havana radio.

THE ECONOMY

Now, Only a Murmur

The steel melodrama of 1962 started out like a familiar scene in a western movie: an embattled cowboy raising a hat on a stick to see if the foe fires at it. This year the hostiles did not fire—and other cowboys suddenly felt free to poke up their heads.

The cowboy with the hat was the Wheeling Steel Corp., the industry's tenth biggest producer, which was the first to announce price hikes in several categories of steel (TIME, April 19). One year earlier, the steel industry's ill-timed effort to raise prices had drawn a furious fusillade from the New Frontier. But this time there was only a mild murmur of protest from Washington and Palm Beach.

Tactical Blunder. President Kennedy was in no position to repeat his 1962 onslaught against steel. Having shattered business confidence once, he was politically reluctant to do so again. And the steel industry could make a pretty sturdy case for price increases. Its profits last year came to only 4% of sales. New York's First National City Bank recently published a compilation of percentage returns on net assets in various categories of industry, and steel tied meat-packing for last place in a list of 41.

This year, too, everything was handled differently by Big Steel. U.S. Steel Chairman Roger Blough, the industry's blunderbuss leader in 1962, kept his head down. Instead of acting in too-obvious concert, the industry's leaders behaved as if they had only just learned of one another's existence by reading the newspapers. In contrast with across-the-board raises in 1962, Wheeling's price hikes were highly selective. About all the reaction in public that the Wheeling increase got from Kennedy was a statement that he still considered across-the-board price boosts inflationary, but "selected price adjustments up or down are not incompatible with a framework of general stability."

All Quiet. The President might have done better to say nothing at all. By issuing even a mild pronouncement, he needlessly conveyed an impression that he continued to consider himself the arbiter of the industry's price decisions. And tactically, the statement was a blunder: by virtually inviting steel companies to go ahead with "selected price adjustments," he made it virtually impossible to fight later on if he decided that the increases were excessive after all.

Even so, steelmen moved with notable caution. After three days of silence on both sides, Lukens Steel Co., the 20th-ranking producer, upped its price on a few types of steel. All remained quiet on the New Frontier. Then third-ranking Republic got up its nerve and announced increases similar to Wheeling's, but not identical. Again, all quiet. The following day, after two more companies joined the wary parade, giant U.S. Steel finally raised prices. Its increases were noticeably gentler than Wheeling's: \$4 on hot-rolled sheet and strip (50¢ less than the other companies), \$5 on cold-rolled sheet and strip, \$7 on galvanized sheet (\$1 less than Wheeling), and nothing at all on plates (Wheeling and others had posted a \$4.50 boost).^{*}

Once U.S. Steel spoke up, other companies followed along briskly. Among the first was Chicago's Inland Steel, the industry's sixth biggest. In 1962, pressured by Administration officials, Inland refused

* Sheet and strip are basically the same thing: lengths of steel compressed between pairs of rollers until the thickness is reduced to a fraction of an inch. Narrow-coil sheet and strip, which goes through cold-rolling, are called cold-rolled when the rolling is completed after the metal has cooled. Cold-rolling, which requires much greater pressure than hot-rolling, produces finer-textured and more workable steel. It is used where a smooth finish is required, as in auto bodies or the exteriors of refrigerators. Galvanized sheet, coated with zinc, goes into roofing, house ducts, water tanks, and other uses in which rust resistance is essential. Plates, thicker than sheet or strip, are used in the making of ships, bridges, heavy machinery. Among the steel mill products not included in the price increases: pipe, rails, structural steel, stainless and various alloy steels.

U.S. STEEL INDUSTRY: Wages Up, Profits Down

	Production (millions of tons)	Production (% of capacity)	After-Tax Profits (millions of dollars)	Profit Margin (% of gross revenues)	Wages & Fringe Benefits (per hour)
1940	62	82	261	8.0	\$.91
1950	89	97	757	8.0	1.91
1955	110	93	1,099	7.8	2.72
1956	117	93	1,131	7.3	2.95
1957	107	85	1,132	7.3	3.22
1958	81	61	788	6.3	3.51
1959	87	63	830	5.8	3.80
1960	95	67	811	5.7	3.82
1961	93	65	690	5.2	3.99
1962	93	65	567	4.0	4.16

to go along with Blough, thereby hastening his defeat. This time Inland adopted increases identical with U.S. Steel's.

Comeback of the Year? Whether by design or not, the steelmen had displayed skillful slice-at-a-time salami tactics, giving Kennedy no good opening for a counterattack until it was too late. Wrote Hearst Columnist Frank Conniff: "The leaders of the steel industry, the Boo-Boo Boys of 1962, qualify as candidates for the Comeback of the Year Award, 1963."

Steelmen predicted that prices would shake down to the U.S. Steel levels. Automakers figured that if the steel increases stuck, they would add about \$35 to \$50 to retail prices of the 1964 models next fall.

Near week's end the President made a speech on the budget and the economy to the American Society of Newspaper Editors. In a question-and-answer session, he said he felt that the companies had shown "some restraint." But he hoped that the boosts "can be absorbed, particularly by the automobile companies," without any increase in prices.



CAROLINE



JACKIE & JOHN JR.



JOAN, TED JR., KARA

THE PRESIDENCY

Big Year for the Clan

Something big was in the wind. At Palm Beach, White House Press Secretary Pierre Salinger called a special press briefing for 5:30 p.m. A television reporter asked if it would be worth having a TV line stand by, at a cost of \$1,200. Indeed it would, assured Salinger. Another newspaperman cornered Senator Ted Kennedy on a Palm Beach tennis court, asked if the big news might be confirmation of the report that the President would go to Ireland this summer. "No," said Teddy, grinning slyly. "It's sexier than that."

History, in a Way. Finally, Salinger made his announcement: Jacqueline Kennedy is expecting her third baby some time in August. Not for 68 years has a child been born to the wife of a President in office. The last was a daughter, Marion, born to Mrs. Grover Cleveland on July 7, 1895. Marion now lives in New York where her husband, the late John Harlan Amen, was a racket-busting U.S. attorney.

Every year is family year in the Kennedy clan, but 1963 figures to be really outstanding. Bobby's wife Ethel is expecting her eighth in July, and Teddy's wife Joan her third in August. With the new White House arrival, that will make a total of 23 grandchildren for Joe and Rose. Since the Kennedy ladies are stylesters, it may also be quite chic to be pregnant this summer. Joan and Ethel have bought a couple of closetsfuls of creations by Manhattan Designer Nancy Herzlinger, a lithe, attractive mother of four. Her Nan Dee maternity clothes are made with four side seams; each releases at the pull of a thread to add inches when they're needed. Jackie insists that she will try to make do with the same wardrobe she wore while John Jr. was on the way.

"Second Hardest Job." "This is the First Lady's fifth pregnancy. The first, in 1955, ended in a miscarriage after three months.



THE ROBERT F. KENNEDYS

Be smart, be chic; have a baby by fall.

Then a baby was stillborn by Caesarean section in 1956. Caroline and John Jr. followed, both by Caesarean. The new arrival, too, will likely be by Caesarean.

Jackie's doctor—a personable Washington obstetrician named John Walsh, who calls Jackie's White House chores "the second hardest job in the U.S."—has recommended that she give up official duties for the duration. Thus the "state visit" to Italy, on which Jackie was scheduled to accompany the President in June, has been postponed until next year. For now, the President will make a "working visit" alone. Last week Lady Bird Johnson took over as hostess for Jackie at a state luncheon for Princess Beatrix of The Netherlands. The President himself will stand in for his wife at a brunch next week with congressional wives.

But Jackie will hardly be idle; Caroline and John Jr. are plenty enough to keep

her busy. Caroline, 5, who graduates from kindergarten this year, is growing up; the President, who used to call her "Butttons," now addresses her by her real name. In Washington she often drops in at the President's office and sits in one of the big black wooden chairs beside his desk—just to chat. In Palm Beach she strides hand in hand with her father on shopping sprees along Worth Avenue, and aboard the *Honey Fitz* she likes to sit with feet dangling over the side and swap stories with the crew.

A Curtsy, a Handshake. John Jr., 2, is at the talking age and often accompanies Caroline on her jaunts; this spring, spurred by an unseasonable 90° day, they ventured a quick dip together in the south fountain on the White House grounds. Already he has met more heads of state than most people can name. Only recently, he and Caroline were trundled out in

their night clothes to say hello to the King of Morocco before a state dinner. Caroline curtsied and John Jr. shook hands. Indeed, if some brave barber were to trim his Prince Charles hairdo, John F. Kennedy Jr. would look like quite a little man.

NEW YORK

Divorce in Idaho

It was announced on April 19 that on April 1 Margaretta Fidler Murphy, 36, of New York, had obtained an Idaho divorce from Dr. James Slater Murphy, 41.

Ordinarily, that news might have been worth a few lines in a few local papers. But not now; it was splashed all over Page One. For as most everyone knew, "Happy" Murphy had long been rumored to become the second wife of New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, 54. As the New York Mirror headlined: ROCKY: SHE'S FREE.

The Bridal Gown. Happy was born to a wealthy, well-connected family. Her father, William W. Fidler, left a \$4,000,000 estate when he died in 1947. Most of it came from a family ropemaking firm founded by Happy's grandfather, Edwin H. Fidler, a onetime (1887-91) mayor of Philadelphia. Her mother, Margaretta Harrison Fidler, was the great-granddaughter of General George G. Meade, the Union commander at the Battle of Gettysburg. Happy's Main Line parents were divorced in 1936. Her father remarried once before he died. Her mother remarried twice, is now Mrs. George E. Bartol Jr., of Wynnewood, Pa.

Happy went to the Shipley School in Bryn Mawr, Pa., graduated in 1944, earning a record of average scholarship and her nickname ("because she just made everybody happy," recalls a classmate). In December 1948, she married Dr. "Robin" Murphy in a big society wedding in Philadelphia. The Philadelphia Inquirer called Happy "pulchritudinous," "superbly lovely" and noted that she wore a bridal gown "brought from Belgium by her great-great-grandmother and worn by every bride in the family since then."

Happy's husband, a graduate of Milton Academy and Princeton, was then a fellow at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore. His father, Dr. James B. Murphy, had been for nearly 40 years a cancer research scientist with the Rockefeller Institute. Because of this relationship, Robin was close to the Rockefellers, had spent a good deal of time as a youngster with David Rockefeller, and even now lives in a town house adjacent to David's town house in New York's East Sixties.

Family Ties. Robin Murphy walked in his father's footsteps, wound up in 1948 working as a virologist at the Rockefeller Institute. He is still there. The Murphys, who have four children, bought a home near Nelson Rockefeller's Pocantico Hills estate in New York's Westchester County, a summer place near Rocky's Seal Harbor, Me., home. Happy's own family had been Main Line friends with the Philipshills. Their daughter was Mary Todhunter Clark Rocke-

ller, tall, reserved former wife of Nelson, mother of his five children. She divorced the Governor in Reno, Nev., in March 1962, after a surprise announcement that the couple was separating after 31 years of marriage.

Happy worked for Rockefeller as a volunteer in 1958, during his first campaign for Governor. A bit later, he hired her for his personal staff, a job she held until 1961. When the Governor was divorced, there was a whirlwind of reports that Happy would soon split up with Robin. It took more than a year.

Last week's divorce announcement came from an attorney for Dr. Murphy. Margaretta and her husband, he said, had discovered "irreconcilable differences."



BRIDE MURPHY (1948)
Inferences not to be drawn—today.

She went to Sun Valley, Idaho, in February, while away the state's six weeks residence requirement skating and sunning. When her lawyer went into Idaho's Camas County district court, he filed a petition based on grounds of "grievous mental anguish." The court approved the split, and all documents concerning the case were promptly sealed—unavailable to the public.

"No Comment." The news unleashed a horde of reporters at the heels of the Rockefellers, Murphys and any other available friends "close" to the situation. Dr. Murphy, approached by a New York Mirror reporter as he left a cab by his home, blew up: "Good God! What is wrong with you people? Let me alone! I will not say a word to any newspaperman. Go see Mrs. Murphy."

But at week's end Happy was nowhere to be found. And Nelson Rockefeller's calls were taken by a harried press aide, who said: "There is no comment. Draw no inference from that as to the future. I am simply saying today that there is no comment."

THE SUPREME COURT

Device for Division

A lot of people who are for housing integration in theory do not care so much for it in practice—and many are the devices that have been used to avoid court bans against neighborhood covenants. Three years ago, Deerfield, Ill., an upper-middle-class suburb of Chicago, thought up a new way to keep Negroes out of white areas. Last week the U.S. Supreme Court, in effect, upheld Deerfield's device.

In 1959 Morris Milgram, a product of New York's Lower East Side and an ardent tilter at the windmills of social injustice, announced plans for a 51-home development in Deerfield. Milgram is in the business of building houses—and his passion is building them for both Negroes and whites.

Deerfield was horrified. Home owners moved fast, voted overwhelming approval for a \$500,000 bond issue for new city parks—laid out, as it just so happened, to include the 22 acres Milgram had bought for his development. Milgram refused to sell, so city officials applied their power of eminent domain and condemned his land. The reason for all this was clear: Deerfield simply did not want integrated housing.

Milgram sued, claiming that the city had violated the 14th Amendment by grabbing up land meant for integrated homes. The Illinois Supreme Court heard the case, turned Milgram down, saying: "The power of eminent domain cannot be made to depend upon the peculiar social, racial, religious or political predilections of either the condemning authority or the affected property owner." Milgram's attorney appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Last week the Supreme Court refused to consider the case, thereby upholding Deerfield's action—and in effect giving sanction to segregation-through-condemnation. Commenting on the court's refusal, Federal Housing Administrator Robert Weaver said: "The danger now lies in just how prevalent this condemnation device will become. That's the real crux."

CIVIL RIGHTS

"It Makes People Mad"

Since last fall, more than 100 complaints against Mississippi have been sent to the U.S. Civil Rights Commission in Washington. They tell of hard-boiled local politicians who coldly ignore Negroes asking to vote, midnight terrorists flinging everything from Molotov cocktails to bags of garbage in efforts to intimidate integrationist forces, welfare officials denying Government-supplied food to needy Negro children.

By law, the Civil Rights Commission can only listen, watch and "submit reports" to the President. But last week the group went the limit with a "special report" that caused quite a stir.

Mississippi's civil rights record is so bad, wrote the commission, that President Kennedy should look for a way to choke

off the flow of federal funds into the state. Like most Southern states, Mississippi preaches states' rights but rides first-class on the Government gravy train. Mississippi sources paid only \$270 million in fiscal 1962 federal taxes, said the report. But the U.S. still poured more than \$650 million into the state. It is, wrote the commission, high time for the President and Congress to recognize that "the lawless conduct and defiance of the Constitution by certain elements in one state are being subsidized by the other states."

Predictably, Mississippi's Democratic Senator James O. Eastland said that the report reeked of "rankest falsehood." But even less Pavlovian officials thought the commission went overboard. The President himself pointed out that he has no general authority to hold back federal funds, since by law only Congress can say what strings are attached to what money. Broader presidential powers "would probably be unwise," he said.

The Administration, painfully conscious of the 81 electoral votes that Southern states contributed to John Kennedy's narrow win in 1960, surprised no one with its lack of enthusiasm for the commission's ideas. As early as last October, during the Oxford, Miss., riots, Bobby Kennedy had spoken up about stopping federal funds to Mississippi: "It has been given no consideration by me. Nor have I ever suggested it or recommended it." Last week an Administration official made it clear that things probably haven't changed. Said he: "I wouldn't have issued that report. It doesn't do any good. It just makes people mad."

CITIES

Everything's Up, Up, Up to Date

In front of New York's city hall marched a man carrying a 6-ft., 22-lb. replica of a rubber stamp with a sign. THE COUNCIL IS A RUBBER STAMP FOR BOSS WAGNER. Seven busloads of employees from Macy's department store paraded with balloons and placards reading DON'T DRIVE SALES FROM THE CITY—WE NEED THEM. A hardy band of Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce members, still full of vim after marching across Brooklyn Bridge, waved banners urging secession from New York City.

These demonstrators, and hundreds of others, had gathered to protest Democratic Mayor Robert F. Wagner's proposal to increase the city sales tax from 3½ to 4½. At the city council meeting inside, 129 other New Yorkers voiced their opinions—127 were against it. They called it "infamous," "toxic," and "disastrous." Several objectors warned that city dwellers would swarm into the suburbs to do their shopping. A jeweler predicted a "catastrophic" decline in retail sales and the loss of 100,000 jobs.

Get Out of Town. The objectors' placards and pleas and protests were probably to no avail. The city had to raise more revenue to balance the record-breaking, 3,306-page budget that Mayor Wagner had presented a few days earlier.

Along with the sales-tax increase, Wagner called for several other new or bigger bites, including an additional 2¢-a-pack impost on cigarettes and a brand-new "occupancy" tax on commercial rentals.

In presenting his budget, Wagner followed his perennial ritual: he said his budget was based upon "strict economy," grumbled that the state had refused to give the city its "rightful share" of state revenues. Then he prudently skedaddled off to a vacation in the Bahamas, leaving his fellow New Yorkers to contemplate his budget in dazed dismay.

At \$3,093,461,582 it is the biggest municipal budget ever—in New York or any other city. What's more, it is bigger than any of the 50 state budgets except the \$3.3 billion record breaker lately proposed by California's Democratic Governor Pat Brown. Each of Wagner's ten

revisions to eliminate the sales-tax increase. But what he called for was substitute imposts, notably a payroll tax, rather than a significant reduction in outgo.*

To some New Yorkers, indeed, Wagner's budget seemed stingy rather than spendthrift. The New York Times called his tax proposals "economically destructive," but in the very same editorial, complained that he had provided only skimpy increases for education, parks and "cultural institutions." The United Federation of Teachers labeled "completely unacceptable" Wagner's \$50 million boost in education funds, \$39 million less than the Board of Education had requested. To "dramatize the plight of the schools," and pressure the city fathers for more money, the teachers' union planned to have 825 members, one from each city school, camp out in tents in City Hall Plaza in



BUDGET PROTESTERS PARADE AT NEW YORK'S CITY HALL
Brooklyn wanted to secede.

yearly budgets has called for more spending than the one before. This year's budget is 11½ bigger than last year's, 55½ bigger than the one Wagner presented five years ago—and nearly 2½ times as big as the last pre-Wagner budget, a decade ago. During that ten-year span, the city's population declined a bit, so Wagner cannot invoke the familiar excuse of population growth.²

Keep Off the Grass. Yet when it comes to attacking the cause of higher taxes—namely, higher spending—both politicians and taxpayers falter. Opponents of Wagner's sales-tax increase persuaded 265,000 New Yorkers to sign protests, but failed to put forward even one solid suggestion for making a sizable dent in expenditure. City Controller Abraham Beame, considered a likely mayoralty candidate in 1964 if Wagner decides to run for the Senate, made a front-page splash for himself by proposing budget

early May. Parks Commissioner Newbold Morris, however, declared that he would not permit the camp-out. It would ruin the grass, he said. Besides, he added, Mayor Wagner had proclaimed that particular week City Parks Week.

DEFENSE

The Solicitous Giant

During his stay in Lilliput, Lemuel Gulliver had to be on his guard all the time to avoid harming the inhabitants. He was so enormous that a careless step could demolish a building.

The men who run the U.S. Defense Department, said Deputy Defense Secretary Roswell L. Gilpatric in a recent speech, "sometimes feel like a Gulliver among the Lilliputians." Spending upward of \$50 billion a year, nearly 10½ of the entire gross national product, the Defense De-

* Contributing a little spot of cheer in the midst of the city's fiscal gloom, officials reported last week that the take from parking meters is on the rise. In March the total came to \$726,414, a new peak for any month. That was \$207,772 more than in March 1962.

² The federal Census Bureau listed the city's population as 2,921,027 in 1950 and 2,781,084 in 1960. Last year the city health department estimated the population at 2,728,000.

partment is an economic giant that dwarfs the biggest of corporations. Its decisions on where and how to spend its money can mean prosperity or pinch for business firms, cities and entire regions.

The Piano Impact. The explosive post-war prosperity of California has largely resulted from a widening share of the Pentagon's contract awards. California currently accounts for 24% of the dollar value of all prime defense contracts, as against 14% a decade ago and less than 10% during World War II. The defense business concentrated along Route 128 in the Boston area has enabled Massachusetts to recover from the textile industry's migration to the South. But Midwest defense business has dwindled drastically, leaving pockets of economic slack and high unemployment. Five Great Lakes states, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, produced 32% of the nation's defense output during World War II; today the figure is a meager 12%. During that span, Michigan's share of total defense production has plummeted from 10.5% to 2.7%, and the state for several years has been in financial distress.

For a city heavily involved in defense business, winning or losing a big Pentagon contract is a momentous event, good or bad news not only for defense workers, but for numerous breadwinners, from bankers to beauticians, whose livelihood is affected by the city's prosperity. During the \$7 billion TFX fighter-plane competition between Boeing Co. and General Dynamics Corp., the outcome was awaited with mingled fear and trepidation by thousands of people in the two cities that stood to gain or lose the most: Wichita, Kans., where Boeing's principal plane-making facilities are located, and Fort Worth, Texas, site of main General Dynamics airplane plants. The economies of both cities had been crimped by the phasing-out of bombers last fall, the B-52 in Wichita and the B-58 in Fort Worth.

When the Pentagon announced that General Dynamics had won the TFX

award, a fog of disappointment settled upon Wichita. In Fort Worth, which expects that half of the \$7 billion total will be spent there, a department store blared the news to customers over loudspeakers. Piano dealers report that several customers who had been postponing purchases came in and bought pianos the day after the contract was announced. During the following four months, 2½ times as many houses were sold in Fort Worth as in any similar period in the city's history.

Something like Sex. The old problem of economic bolts and jolts resulting from Pentagon decisions has intensified under Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. The defense budget has kept getting bigger, the pace of technological change has accelerated, and McNamara himself has done a lot of shaking up in an effort to trim costs. He has scrapped several development projects, including nuclear-powered aircraft and the Skybolt air-to-ground missile, and ordered 70 defense installations shut down.

Because so much is at stake, Pentagon decision makers must wrestle with incessant efforts to influence them. Lobbying for defense contracts is a major industry in Washington. Senators and Congressmen with military bases or defense plants in their states or districts try to exert influence on behalf of their constituents. Trying to eliminate such pressures, says Deputy Secretary Gilpatric, "would be as futile as an effort to eliminate interest in the opposite sex among teen-agers."

McNamara has repeatedly declared, "We will not be influenced." Yet even McNamara has become increasingly aware of the effect of his decisions, has taken steps to soften the impact.

In Disguise. He has established the Office of Economic Adjustment. To towns and cities afflicted by the closing of bases or the termination of contracts, OEA sends teams of experts to study the local economy, meet with officials and businessmen, and help work out community programs. Sometimes OEA adds a dollop of

federal aid. The Defense Department has no funds of its own for grants or loans to communities, but it is able to channel help from the Commerce Department's Area Redevelopment Administration and other dispensers of federal largesse.

Often, however, OEA's assistance consists solely of advice. The OEA team sent to Wichita, for example, drafted a recovery plan urging the city to expand meat-packing and grain-handling activities and increase oil and gas production, but OEA gave Wichita no material aid. Robert F. Steadman, head of OEA, found Wichita's economic resilience "absolutely astounding." Despite the steep decline in bomber production, the unemployment rate last fall was only 3.8%, well below the national average.

Steadman takes a special pride in OEA's work in Presque Isle, Me. Soon after taking over at the Pentagon, McNamara ordered the shutdown of Presque Isle's principal source of income, an Air Force base for obsolete Snark missiles. An OEA task force flew into town, worked out development plans with local leaders. Since then, Presque Isle has acquired 1) a new state vocational school, housed in former Air Force buildings; 2) a new junior high school, being built on land donated to the town by the General Services Administration; 3) a free airport and 4) three new manufacturing plants. Says Steadman: "The people there now tell us that closing the base was a blessing in disguise."

Project 99. While OEA can do an effective job in small arenas, it cannot make a significant dent in such massive dislocations as the shift of defense contracts from the Midwest to the West. In search of ways to help smooth out the bigger economic bumps, McNamara ordered a study of the factors that account for the heavy concentration of Pentagon research and development contracts in a few university-rich areas—such as the Boston region, drawing upon Harvard and M.I.T., and the Southern California complex, centering around Caltech and U.C.L.A. Assigned to the Stanford Research Institute, the study is potentially important not only because R. & D. is a big business in itself, but also because the area that gets the R. & D. contract often gets the production contract too. By analyzing the distribution of R. & D., the Pentagon expects to be able to advise communities with a small or dwindling share of defense business on how they might get more.

Another McNamara undertaking, called Project 99,* is peering into the future in an effort to map out Pentagon procurement shifts over the next five years so that the Pentagon can warn communities ahead of time of probable declines in defense business. "It's our own kind of early warning system," explains a Pentagon official. Warned early, communities would presumably make plans to fill in the economic gaps.

In short, Gulliver is treading carefully, peering intently and sounding alerts so as to avoid harming the Lilliputians.

* It was 99th on a list of projects that McNamara got drawn up shortly after he took over as secretary.



BOEING'S AIRCRAFT PLANT IN WICHITA, KAN.
From bankers to beauticians, defense contracts mean bread.

NATURAL RESOURCES

"Such a Lovely Green Valley"

A lot of unkind things have been said about the Tennessee Valley Authority. When the TVA bill was before Congress in 1933, shortly after veterans' benefits were reduced, Rhode Island's Senator Jesse Houghton Metcalf cried: "How on earth can we justify taking a decent living from the soldiers who suffered on the battlefields of France and pour it into the mudholes of Tennessee?" Arizona's Senator Barry Goldwater today calls TVA "a giant federal power monopoly—a hoax."

But TVA has survived such criticism. Next month TVA will celebrate its 30th anniversary and if nothing else, it is there. It works.

Tamed & Tranquil. The very mention of its name still triggers theoretical arguments about public v. private power. Yet debates over its theory fade to futility when set against the real-life changes in the valley.

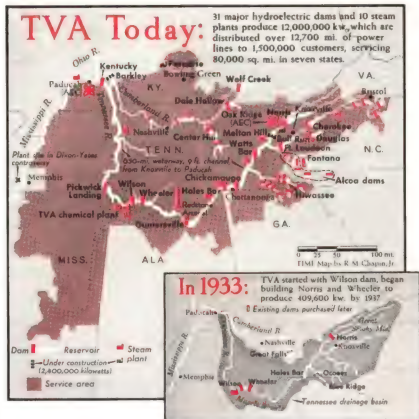
The Tennessee was once a treacherous river, red with the topsail it carried away by summer, aswirl with the houses, horses and barns its floods destroyed by winter. Today, more than two-thirds of its 400-mile length is virtually one tamed and tranquil lake. Hundreds of recreation sites occupy the valley's 10,000 miles of shoreline. Its waters provide one of the world's finest inland recreation areas, yield fishermen some 10,000,000 lbs. a year of 23 species of fish.

These waters—actually a series of reservoirs—were created by 31 major dams (six of them privately owned), which now function in a highly integrated system. "Today TVA can shut off the Tennessee River when the Ohio is in flood—shut it off just like a faucet," says David Lilienthal, TVA's early crusading chairman. TVA did just that a few weeks ago, and saved an estimated \$100,000,000 flood damage in Chattanooga alone.

Main stem dams have navigation locks, permitting the passage of vessels with 9-ft. drafts. Some 13,100,000 tons of traffic moved on this waterway last year. The Tennessee's ports are linked with those in 20 states. TVA officials claim that such navigation has stimulated the investment of some \$875 million in shoreline industry in the valley.

Erosion & Mosquitoes. To keep the valley's best soil from being continually washed into the river by the area's heavy rains, TVA has coaxed the farmers into using a variety of conservation practices: planting trees, contour plowing, diversifying crops, enriching their land with TVA-developed fertilizers. One byproduct of the reforestation has been the creation of a \$500 million private forest-products industry. TVA has also fought mosquitoes to lick the valley's malaria, which in 1934 had infected more than 30% of the people living along the river in northern Alabama. Since 1949 not a single case of local origin has been reported along the reservoirs.

Power. TVA's power production remains the most controversial part of its operation. Its generating capacity of 12-



031,060 kilowatts is the largest of any power system in the nation, amounts to 8% of all U.S. capacity. Through contract distributors, it serves 1,513,400 homes and firms. The average valley resident pays .09¢ per kilowatt-hour: the national average is 2.43¢. The authority deliberately slashed rates to stimulate electrical consumption when it first set up shop, and with spectacular results: from 1933 to 1951 the number of homes in the valley using electricity for the first time jumped from 225,000 to 1,065,000, an increase of 375%, while the national growth was less than 100%. Total demand still is climbing about 10% a year.

The authority has been able to reduce rates partly because high production breeds efficiency. It claims that where private utilities average 4.2 mills to produce each kilowatt-hour sold, TVA's cost is 2.1 mills. As the nation's biggest coal buyer, TVA pays \$4.39 a ton for coal to fuel its steam plants, compared to a national average of \$6.26. TVA, of course, has had the advantage of not paying federal taxes (although for years it has paid sums to state and local governments) or interest on its initial capital. It now does, however, pay the Federal Government some \$45 million a year in amortization and return on the taxpayers' investment, and finances expansion through its own interest-bearing bonds.

Despite TVA's gigantic operations, there is no evidence that nearby private utilities have been hurt. Most of them benefited from a boom in appliance sales when TVA's low rates first spurred electrical use. Competitively lowering rates,

the private companies have kept them low—yet the latest studies show that their common stock earnings are twice as high as the U.S. average.

Away from Washington. U.S. taxpayers may always differ as to whether TVA has been worth the \$1.757 billion it has cost them so far (although that sum is, for example, barely larger than total U.S. aid to Franco's Spain since 1945). But beyond the matter of dollars, TVA's advocates claim that the project has shown what the residents of a region can accomplish when encouraged. Says present TVA Chairman Aubrey Wagner, recalling 20 years with TVA: "People said to us, you can't go in there and build dams with the labor of those hillbillies. But the thing they didn't realize was that these people, working on the dams, knew they were building their futures. All we have done is to place the tools in the hands of the people here."

Lilienthal says that TVA also proved that it is an advantage to place such complex projects—which require a unified execution—beyond the reach of Washington's many uncoordinated agencies. "TVA is an arm of Government and yet we took it outside, away from Washington, and put it to work in the sticks. We had a valley, a river, an area, not just a plan or a dream—a chance to do something concrete."

One indication of TVA's progress was the remark of a foreign visitor who recently flew over the region. "Oh, isn't it wonderful," he said, "Yes, we must have a TVA. But weren't you lucky to have yours in such a lovely green valley?"

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Changing the Guard

After nine days of waiting, Lester B. Pearson at last got to wear his formal cutaway to pay the traditional call on Canada's Governor General. He emerged, grinning broadly, to say that he had been asked to form a Liberal government. Until the last minute, no one was quite sure whether Conservative Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, who loves office so much, would go quietly or cling in defeat to the vestiges of power. Even as he prepared for his own call on the Governor General, he fended off reporters. Was his visit for the purpose of resigning? asked a newsman. "That assumption," snapped Diefenbaker, "is not well founded."

Dollies & Deals. Yet down he stepped, at 67, into the role of Opposition leader. "I believe I'll be the eighth Prime Minister to serve also as leader of the Opposition," he told reporters. "And two of those—MacDonald and Mackenzie King—returned again to become Prime Ministers." The bitter taste of defeat was everywhere. Dollies piled with files shuttled back and forth, transferring Diefenbaker's papers from the three offices a Prime Minister commands in Ottawa to the single office accorded the Opposition leader. He also had to swap houses, and prepared to take his belongings from the 30-room mansion on Sussex Drive to Stornoway, the house maintained for the Opposition by a group of Canadian businessmen. Then there was the cut in pay—\$37,000 a year for Mike Pearson now, \$27,000 for Diefenbaker as Opposition leader.

For Pearson, it was a week of exhilaration and new beginnings. A baby was named for him in Newfoundland—and so were two penguin chicks hatched in Vancouver's zoo. Technically, he was still four seats shy of an absolute parliamentary majority. But the two splinter parties, with 41 seats between them, had both promised support on most issues. A frantic argument shook the funny-money Social Credit Party over six Quebec M.P.s who bolted party lines, independently promised their votes to Pearson. "I will not tolerate any deals," said Social Credit Leader Robert Thompson, hinting darkly that the Liberals had been spreading some "rather handsome" money around. But after eleven hours of impassioned oratory at a party caucus in Ottawa, the defectors recanted. As soon as they did, Thompson grandly announced that all 24 of his *Socreds* would support the Liberals anyway, and urged Pearson to act as if he had a majority government.

Choosing with Care. Preparing for the formal changeover this week, Pearson picked his Cabinet with care, balancing off the oldtimers who had stayed with him in the lean years against the bright newcomers he himself had recruited. The key job of Secretary of State for External Affairs goes to Paul Martin, 59, who lost the Liberal leadership to Pearson in 1958,

but loyally stayed on as a foreign relations expert; Pearson's Finance Minister will be Walter Gordon, 57, a Toronto management consultant and close friend, who spent the week working on the budget Pearson has promised for June.

Beyond anything else, Pearson wanted to get in visits with Britain's Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and President Kennedy. The White House was already at work on an agenda: nuclear weapons; the Columbia River power impasse; Canada's prospective role in the Organization of American States, which Pearson believes his nation should join. Along with this, he was immersed in plans for his "60 days of decision." Asked when they would begin, Pearson shot back without hesitation: "When I take over."



SOCIAL HISTORIAN FREYRE
A climate of intimacy.

BRAZIL

The Pride of Miscegenation

Brazil has the world's eighth largest population, the twelfth largest gross national product, and it takes up nearly half of South America; yet Americans as a whole know little of this huge nation's origins and history, its culture and personality. Out of admiration as much as acumen, Publisher Alfred A. Knopf has filled the gap by publishing two volumes of the classic social history of Brazil written by Gilberto Freyre, 63, Brazil's great scholar.

The first volume, written in 1933 and translated into English in 1946, dealt with the Portuguese colonization and the establishment of Negro slavery on the coffee and sugar plantations. Freyre's second volume, written in 1936, has now been translated by Harriet de Onís, moth-

er of the New York Times's Brazil correspondent. Titled *The Mansions and the Shanties* (Knopf; \$10), the book traces the growth of the cities in the 19th century and the breakdown of slavery (formally abolished in 1888), and cheerfully argues that a major reason for Brazil's immense vitality is miscegenation. "Perhaps in no other country," writes Freyre, "it is possible to rise so quickly from one social class to another, from one race to another, from one region to another."

Freedom from Father. In the Brazil of the early 1800s, the wealthy whites, who lived in mansions with their families and slaves, were completely segregated from the free Negroes, who lived in shanties. The mansions dominated the cities. Owners ventured as little as possible from their homes, which were much like richly furnished prisons. Their wives and daughters lived in secluded rooms without windows and glimpsed the outside world only through shutters and grilles, "which separated the home from the street as though from an enemy."

But the British, who came to exploit the rich Brazilian market, broke down many of the social barriers. They "unshadowed" Brazil, leaving it open, plain and more English. Shutters were replaced by glass windows; verandas were built so that the mansion women at least could look out on the street. The streets were paved, lighted, and generally "emancipated" from the wealthy.

This new "Europeanization" also liberated Brazil's sons, who in patriarchal Brazil had been completely at the mercy of their tyrannical fathers. Under the influence of European liberalism, they rebelled and deserted family business for the law or the arts. They were even determined to look as little as possible like their hearty fathers. They cultivated ill health and the appearance, writes Freyre, of the "conventional Jesus of the Crucifixion." It became the fashion to die young. "To die old was for the bourgeoisie, for the rich planters, for the obese vicars, for the favorite plantation slaves, 'Geniuses' died young and, if possible, of tuberculosis."

Softening Antagonisms. But if the British and other Europeans helped break down patriarchal society, they also intensified racial conflict. With proper Victorianism, they managed to ban such rowdy Negro amusements as processions, carnivals and nude bathing. The Negroes rebelled; their enmities, which once had been released in play, were now diverted to violence. A tropical civilization was drained of too much of its color and spontaneity, concludes Freyre. "Black frock coats, black boots, black top hats, black carriages sombered our existence almost overnight, made of our attire almost heavy mourning."

What saved the nation from racial and class warfare was miscegenation, which, according to Freyre, "softened the antagonisms between opposites." At a time

when Brazil lacked a genuine middle class, the mulattoes served as one.

In other countries, the mulatto has usually been classed and treated as a Negro: at best, he might rise to the rank of a minor civil servant. But in Brazil, he was often accepted as white by the Portuguese colonizers who created him. Thus the mulattoes were able to escape the slum shanties and make careers among the whites. They grew in numbers until "today," writes Freyre, "it is almost impossible to find anthropologically pure Africans or Negroes." And they rose in society by making an effort to please, becoming famed for their easy laugh, "a laugh no longer servile like that of the black, but, at most, obsequious and, above all, establishing a climate of intimacy."

Brazil's greatest men have come from the areas of greatest miscegenation. In fact, contends Freyre, the racial dynamism created by miscegenation has contributed to the most exciting civilizations: Egypt, Greece, Rome.

THE ALIANZA

Everyone's Bank

In Caracas this week, the finance ministers of 20 Hemisphere nations will hear a report on one part of the Alliance for Progress that no one complains about. It is the Inter-American Development Bank, a sort of hemispheric version of the World Bank, founded three years ago in Washington and run ever since by Chile's Felipe Herrera, 40, an able and articulate economist. To give the bank its \$1 billion capital, the U.S. subscribed \$450 million; Latin American nations put up the rest, each giving according to its wealth. On top of this the bank also administers \$394 million in Alliance for Progress funds. From the bank, both governments and private businessmen can get low-cost, long-term loans for the kind of projects that other international lenders rarely bother with.

So brisk is business that after two years of operation, the bank has spent the



INTER-AMERICAN BANK'S HERRERA
Doubling the ante.

equivalent of almost half its original funds in 139 loans totaling \$617.7 million. Some recent loans:

- \$30 million to an Argentine government bank to finance a new 15,000-home project for low-income families.
- \$15 million to a Brazilian electric company to run more power into Brazil's industry-starved northeast bulge.
- \$4,000,000 to Honduras' development bank to be lent to livestock farmers for buying cattle, pastures, corrals and dairy equipment.
- \$2,800,000 to a group of Costa Rican businessmen who are building the country's first cement plant.
- \$16 million to Mexico's national development agency to expand municipal water systems in the Yucatán Peninsula and irrigate 53,000 acres of farmland in arid central and western sections.

To keep up with the demand, the bank is already looking for more money. Herrera hopes to persuade the bank's members to increase their antes, and double his authorized capital to \$2.3 billion. This way, the bank would have the reserves to expand its activity in the bond market. Last year the bank raised nearly \$100 million on two bond issues sold in the U.S. and Europe. Normally, the market for Latin American bonds is dyspeptic, but the two Inter-American Bank issues were oversubscribed at a premium.

CENTRAL AMERICA

One Kind of Patriot

One of America's favorite swashbuckling 19th century adventurers last week became the subject of dispute between two U.S. Presidents who fancy their status as amateur historians.

In Costa Rica last month, President Kennedy declared: "We can never be secure in our hemisphere until the Soviet Union goes the way of George III, the Spanish conquerors, Maximilian and William Walker."

William Walker? Fightin' words, sputtered ex-President Harry Truman. Walker, said Truman, "was a kind of revolutionary intellectual during the 1850s, when there was a great deal of ferment throughout the hemisphere." His purpose was to unite the Central American nations in a pattern similar to the U.S. And that, in Truman's view, hardly qualified him as an evil figure.

Which President had it right?

On to Mexico. William Walker, born in Nashville in 1824, looked like Charles Atlas' original 97-lb. weakling, short and extremely shy. But his inner drives were formidable. He earned degrees in both medicine and law, drifted west to San Francisco, where he heard about the empty lands to the south in Mexico. In 1853 he decided that he was the man to "colonize" Mexico's Baja California and Sonora with U.S. homesteaders. He organized an "army" of 45 like-minded adventurers and sailed down the Pacific coast to La Paz. Without firing a shot, he took the town, declaring Baja California an independent republic.

It took the Mexicans six months to run



WALKER BEFORE HIS EXECUTION
A difference between Presidents.

him out of the country and back to the U.S., where he was tried for violating U.S. neutrality laws and acquitted by a sympathetic jury. Next, with 58 men, he invaded strife-torn Nicaragua, captured Granada, a key city, and in effect took over the government, naming himself Secretary of War and boss of the army. In 1856 he had himself inaugurated President of Nicaragua, and wangled recognition from U.S. President Franklin Pierce.

War with Vanderbilt. He had heroic dreams of welding Central America's five tiny republics into a powerful economic and military sphere. But Walker by now had run afoul of powerful U.S. interests in Central America. He confiscated some of the boats and property belonging to the Accessory Transit Co., controlled by Shipping and Railroad Tycoon Cornelius Vanderbilt. Reacting in kind, Vanderbilt sent agents to stir up Nicaragua's neighbors against Walker, and soon a war was on: Nicaragua against Costa Rica, Honduras, Guatemala and El Salvador. After a series of desperate battles, the U.S. Navy took a hand to prevent further bloodshed, and hauled Walker home. Six months later, he slipped back to Nicaragua—and this time the Navy had to arrest him to get him home. But again he got a reprieve. President James Buchanan regarded his arrest as illegal.

In 1860 Walker led his last expedition. This time Honduras was his target. Eluding a blockade of U.S. and British naval vessels, he landed with some 100 men, captured a small town and then fled into the jungle when a British man-of-war arrived. Twelve days later, a bone-tired Walker was captured by a British naval officer, handed over to Honduran authorities, court-martialed and shot. "Had he succeeded," says Truman, "somewhat unconvincingly," "he might have made a successful contribution to the organization of the Central American situation, into which he wanted to include Cuba—all of which might have influenced the shape of affairs we have with us today."

THE WORLD

LAOS

A New Civil War?

Just nine months after the 14-nation Geneva Conference guaranteed Laotian neutrality, Laos last week tottered on the brink of civil war and once again threatened to drag the major powers into a bitter struggle.

For three weeks, the Red forces, reinforced by cadres of Viet Minh troop commanders, mortar specialists and artillery advisers from Communist North Viet Nam, had been nibbling away at neutralist positions around the 30-mile perimeter of the grassy, pool-table-flat Plaine des Jarres. Strategically placed in the center of Laos, the plain—named after the ancient stone burial jars still found in the area—controls the approaches to the rest of the country and is the primary access route to North Viet Nam. With the Plaine des Jarres in their hands, the Reds could solidify their hold on all of northern Laos. Last week this gloomy prospect was all but a fact, as 10,000 Red troops poured onto the plain, forcing the neutralists to its very edge.

Fleeing Neutralists. The week began with a desperate flight to the plain by Neutralist Premier Souvanna Phouma, who hoped it still might be possible to arrange a cease-fire between the Communist Pathet Lao and Neutralist Army Chief Kong Le. Things seemed cheery enough as the opposing leaders embraced and their troops exchanged cigarettes. But, as one neutralist put it, "we exchange cigarettes during the day and bullets at night." All too true. Hardly had Souvanna departed when the truce abruptly collapsed.

No one knows who fired first, but all of a sudden the Pathet Lao was shooting, and the neutralists were running. On the dusty Plaine des Jarres airstrip, mothers breast-fed dirty babies, and children sagged

under the weight of parachute packs crammed with household belongings as they patiently waited for planes to evacuate them to the Laotian capital of Vientiane, 120 miles away. In his ramshackle, tin-roofed headquarters, guarded night and day by a patrolling platoon of tanks, Kong Le worked round the clock drawing up a battle plan, although weakened by a liver ailment and a serious sinus condition. "This," he said, "is the final showdown."

Moving over the mountaintops and through the passes girdling the plain, the Reds at last surrounded the six-mile-long plateau. From the heights, the Communists laid a mortar barrage on the airfield, Kong Le's last remaining lifeline to Vientiane. With the airstrip inoperable, Kong Le was forced to rely on runners as his primary means of communication; he had no choice but to pull together what was left of his shattered forces and move off the plain.

Pressure from Two Quarters. Kong Le's retreat caused consternation in Vientiane. With his left-right-center coalition fast coming unstuck, Premier Souvanna Phouma was fearful that Kong Le's troops would join forces with a right-wing army just southwest of the Plaine des Jarres and launch a joint counterattack against the Reds that would surely precipitate civil war. Desperately he appealed to Britain and Russia, overseers of the Geneva agreement, for quick intervention to stop the Pathet Lao's flagrant violations of the cease-fire.

Russia hesitated to intercede, for fear of alienating the Communists in Laos and North Viet Nam. Soviet intervention at this stage might turn them increasingly toward Red China. Russia's rival, for support in their revolution, But Nikita Khrushchev was also under pressure from a different quarter. In Washington, President Kennedy made it clear that he ex-

pected Moscow to put a stop to Pathet Lao pressure and live up to the Geneva agreement. "We will, I think, have a chance to see in the next few days whether we are going to have a destruction of that accord—whether the Soviet Union and other signatories are going to meet their obligations," said Kennedy.

Tougher U.S. action could not be ruled out if the Communists showed signs of moving south from the Plaine des Jarres into the Mekong River valley itself. This would strengthen their supply routes to Communist guerrillas fighting in neighboring South Viet Nam, where the U.S. is deeply committed with both men and money. Though the State Department dreaded the thought of any further military involvement in Southeast Asia, officials made it clear that more troops might be brought into the area to safeguard Laotian neutrality.

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Great Emancipator

For more than a year, the U.S. has been urging South Viet Nam's President Ngo Dinh Diem to declare a general amnesty for Communist Viet Cong guerrillas in order to encourage wholesale desertions from the Red cause. Diem was in favor of the idea. But he always replied that as Abraham Lincoln waited two years after the beginning of the Civil War before issuing his Emancipation Proclamation, he, too, would wait for a propitious moment so that the move could not be interpreted as a desperate gesture by a sinking government to round up popular support. Last week, confident that the war against the Reds had taken a turn for the better, Diem finally proclaimed an "open arms" clemency program.

Diem's declaration was speeded by the encouraging results of an informal govern-



GENERAL KONG LE (IN BERET) & SOUVANNA PHOUMA

Exchanging cigarettes by day, and bullets by night.



REFUGEES WAITING TO EVACUATE BATTLE AREA

ment clemency program in effect since February that has caused the defection of more than 2,700 Viet Cong followers, including several minor Red officials. Under the terms of the new proclamation, Red defectors "will be given the opportunity to reform and redeem themselves by deeds, and depending on these deeds, will be entitled to lighter sentences or be absolved of past offenses." But the offer of amnesty applies only to Viet Cong sympathizers and not to hard-core Communist cadres, who, Diem feels, are incapable of rehabilitation.

Diem's announcement came on the first anniversary of the start of his government's strategic hamlet program, under which 60% of the South Vietnamese people have been brought into villages surrounded by moats and bamboo fences. As if in celebration of the event, government forces beat back a violent Viet Cong attack against a network of villages around the city of Quangnai, some 250 miles northeast of Saigon, where the government set up a successful fortified village complex in an area that the Reds had previously controlled. Departing from the usual Communist hit-and-run tactics, a battalion of Reds attacked the hamlets under cover of darkness, drove to the edge of the U.S. military compound in the city with a grenade assault before being driven back. "It took two days for the government forces to stamp out the fire," said one U.S. official. "After that, they managed to gain the initiative, and that's what they're keeping."

RUSSIA

A Senior Citizen

Hardly any anniversary of the old Bolsheviks passes *Pravda* by. But it is the custom in Moscow these days to skip the in-between birthdays and mark only the decades. So it was last week that Nikita Sergeevich Khrushchev's 60th birthday was totally ignored by the Communist party press. Everyone was waiting until next year, when they could wander down to Red Square and cheer for his Biblical allotment.

ITALY

Test for the *Apertura*

Along the Grand Canal in Venice, a huge, brightly lit red-and-white shield of the Christian Democratic Party gleams in the night; sprouting from Rome's Janiculum Hill, overlooking the Vatican, is the red-white-green flame of the tiny, powerless Fascists. From Messina to Milan last week, wide piazzas and narrow alleyways sprouted in riotous campaign colors, and echoed with the loudspeaker slogans of scudding little Fiat 600s, as Italy's 34,300,000 voters prepared to go to the polls for the first national election in five years.

The election is the most important since 1948, when the Communists were defeated in a crucial bid for power. The threat of a Red takeover has long since faded; this time the main issue is continuation of the



FANFANI CAMPAIGNING
With help from the "Kennedians."

apertura a sinistra (opening to the left), Premier Amintore Fanfani's year-old experiment in parliamentary cooperation with the left-wing Socialists.

Mixed Blessing. The deal has given Fanfani the necessary majority to introduce a long list of economic and social reforms; it also provides the opportunity for isolating the Reds by finally breaking their hold on Pietro Nenni's Socialists. But the *apertura* also opens the way to far-reaching government planning and higher taxes, both of which are strongly opposed by large and small businessmen; perhaps significantly, Liberal Party Leader Giovanni Malagodi, an economic conservative who sharply criticizes Fanfani's flirtation with the left, has been drawing large and enthusiastic crowds. Another anxiety created by the center-left coalition is that Neutralist Nenni will weaken Italy's ties to the Atlantic alliance. These fears could cost Fanfani's Christian Democrats as many as 1,000,000 votes.

As always, the Vatican is a hot campaign issue; this time, Pope John has made it hotter than usual by meeting Aleksei Adzhubei, Nikita Khrushchev's son-in-law, last month, and otherwise establishing friendlier relations with the Kremlin. Fortnight ago, the Communist newspaper *L'Unità* exaggerated Pope John's recent *Pacem in Terris* encyclical as "an appeal for peace based on nuclear disarmament." This prompted a pro-government newspaper to crack that the Reds were suddenly "more papist than the Pope." In fact, the Vatican is quietly backing Fanfani's Christian Democratic-Socialist partnership, though publicly it has steered a neutral course; this time, for example, parish priests are not saying that to vote for the Socialists is a grave sin.

Useful Visit. Another John who casts his shadow over the campaign is John F. Kennedy. The U.S. has smoothly shifted its support away from Christian Democratic right-wingers who would like to close the *apertura*, now favors Fanfani's coalition. One group of Fanfani supporters is dubbed the "Kennedians," and the Premier, dashing about the countryside in a black Lancia, repeatedly recalls for townsfolk his recent visit to Washington as evidence of Italy's high standing with the U.S. For campaign purposes even Fanfani's Socialist allies have been



ELECTION BANNERS IN ROME

warning to the U.S. Asked a Socialist speaker, confident of an affirmative answer from a crowd in Bologna's Piazza Matteotti: "If Kennedy were in Italy, would he not support the opening to the left?" Perhaps he would.

More to the point: Will the Italians? As the voters head for the polls this week, prevailing opinion was that they would.

FRANCE

Encore, Non

In a 20-minute TV speech last week, Charles de Gaulle made his first public address since the historic Jan. 14 press conference at which he barred Britain from Europe. As the baroque paragraphs unfolded, it became plain that France's President had not retreated from the policies that have divided the Western Alliance and halted the integration of Europe in the three months since. His views on key issues:

- **EUROPE.** Political integration of Europe would "inevitably end in foreign domination" of the Continent. It would, in any case, be "incompatible with the rights and duties of the French Republic" to surrender sovereignty to a supranational Parliament, which De Gaulle disdainfully likened to an "Areopagus," the supreme court of ancient Athens. "In short, it seems to us essential that Europe should be Europe and France, France."
- **ENGLAND.** With all due respect to "the great English people," De Gaulle firmly insisted that "union" of Europe, meaning apparently the Gaullist proposal for closer ties between governments, cannot wait for Britain. "One day, perhaps," England will be admitted to Europe—after it has "detached itself" from its ties with the Commonwealth and the U.S.
- **THE WESTERN ALLIANCE.** The alliance is "indispensable so long as the threats and ambitions of the Soviets continue." While "conjugating" its defense with NATO,

however, France "intends to remain its own master."

• **NUCLEAR INDEPENDENCE.** France's *force de frappe* is essential to "dissuade" would-be aggressors and "contribute to the defense of its allies, including—who knows?—America." For though the Americans "are our good allies, as we are theirs," in the event of nuclear war there is "immense and inevitable uncertainty" whether Russia and the U.S. would use nuclear weapons at all, or only in Europe, or whether the two "champions" might not "hurl death reciprocally into each other's vitals." Critics who say France's deterrent is useless or too expensive are in "the same category of laggards and scatterbrains who cried, 'No heavy artillery' until 1914," and before 1939 "cried, 'No armored corps! No fighter aircraft!'"

As journalists like to say, there wasn't very much that was "new" in the speech. But there weren't any new obstacles either.

WEST GERMANY

An Eclipse of Princes

When Britain's Prince Philip and his daughter, Princess Anne, 12, clambered out of their raspberry-pink royal plane at Frankfurt last week, there were no top-hatted officials to welcome them or respectful crowds cheering "*Es lebe hoch!*" After greeting their waiting cousins, Prince Ludwig and Princess Margaret von Hessen, Philip and Anne got quickly into the rakish Alvis sports coupé, which had been flown ahead of the royal party from London. Then they headed down the *Autobahn* to Darmstadt, where they stayed at the Von Hessens' palatial 18th century Schloss Wolfsgarten.

The British visitors' four-day stay made little stir in West Germany as a whole, but their presence worked like champagne on the aristocracy's battered morale. In a society where most blue-bloods feel that they are displaced personages (there hasn't been a Kaiser since 1918), the *Romantik* of a royal visit is rare indeed.

Thanks to the nation's miraculous economic boom, West Germans today are more concerned with paychecks than with princely comings and goings. But the country's economic and social transformation has failed notably to produce a unified, national *Führungsschicht* (leadership layer) in place of the old aristocratic ruling caste. The result is a confused and confusing society in which, says Sociologist Ralf Dahrendorf, there is not one class of *Proletariat*; but "a multitude of competing groups." The "pyramids of power" include the church, the military, local government and such venerable universities as Tübingen, Göttingen and Heidelberg, where a Herr Professor commands undiminished respect from the community at large.

Salon from Ford? By far the most powerful—and conspicuous—elite in present-day Germany is, of course, the *Geldaristokratie*, the new industrial plutocracy whose yellow Mercedeses and Chris-Craft

cruisers have largely replaced the Iron Cross and the dueling scar as status symbols. The new upper crust is personified by such tycoons as Rudolf August Oetker, who parlayed a baking powder business into a 100-company empire; Hans Günther Söhl, who as boss of Thyssen since war's end has turned a family ironworks into West Germany's biggest steelmaker; and Munich's Rudolf Münnemann, one of the nation's biggest and boldest financiers.

Yet, for all its wealth, says Sociologist Dahrendorf, the *Geldaristokratie* "is searching above itself in the social hierarchy for its behavioral standards. But the space above it is empty." This, he suggests, accounts for the joyless, frantic materialism that characterizes much of postwar German life—"the medieval choir stall in the dining room, the conspicuous consumption, the complete lack of taste

they were able to reclaim their confiscated holdings intact, and ever since have managed to keep the boar from the door with conspicuous success. One of their liveliest members is handsome Prince "Alfie" Auerberg, who was down to his last *Schloss* a few years ago; today he boasts a priceless collection of French paintings and a U.S. heiress for a wife. Because the Bavarian aristocrats have traditionally been less exclusive than Prussia's patricians, Munich today is one city in which the rival elites come together. Munich's jet set, composed of the *nouveau riche* and the ancient upper crust, shuttles between St. Moritz and Egypt's resort of Helwan. Its reigning beauty is the statuesque blonde daughter of Banker Münnemann, "Antschi," who hurtles around town in an eggshell-colored Ferrari; however, many families with "von" in their



ANTSCHI MÜNNEMANN & FINANCIER FATHER
A new upper crust surrounded by empty space.

in art and literature." Complains one sophisticated young princess: "If the Ford Foundation really wants to do something for Germany, it should endow a salon in Bonn. Just a little salon. The old society is dead now."

Vons in Volkswagens. Like the last great auks waddling across the tundra, a few ancient families still survive in the feudal splendor they enjoyed when Germany was a patchwork of petty principalities. In Franconia, convivial Count Franz Erbach presides over three family castles (one is kept for hunting parties); at dinner, his liveried chief huntsman stations himself behind the count's chair to summon a footman whenever his master's wingglass is empty. Prince Emich zu Leiningen, 36, whose escutcheon is at least 380 years old, is a globe-trotting big-game hunter who honed his marksmanship as a youth by taking potshots at family portraits in his handsome baroque palace at Amorbach.

Many old Bavarian families stubbornly resisted the Nazis and were singled out for persecution by Hitler; after the war,

names still prefer to drive Volkswagens. "Everything," sighs a jet-set princess, "is so mixed up these days."

Top Ten Thousand. Scores of young blue-bloods have gone to work—and often belie the aristocracy's traditional reputation for stupidity. The boards of big industrial companies are liberally studded with noble names. The names are particularly in demand as public relations men. "I do like snobs," exclaims one princely P.R. man. "They are all so kind to me!" Two of West Germany's ablest journalists are titled: Countess Marion Dönhoff, political editor of Hamburg's weekly *Die Zeit*, and Count Hans Werner Finck von Finckenstein, a correspondent for *Die Welt*. Says one corporate count: "All you need to get ahead in industry is reasonably good looks, self-assurance and organizational talent. This the nobility had, and now the young ones are all fat people in their firms."

Germany's nobility was largely to blame for its own decline. Holding themselves aloof from politics, business and the intellectual world, *Die oberen Zehntausend*



The new Mercedes-Benz 300 SL Roadster. A subsidiary of Daimler-Benz AG, Mercedes-Benz.

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(the Top Ten Thousand), as Bismarck called the elite, devoted their lives either to hunting or to the army; when Hindenburg joined the cadet corps in 1859, 2,000 of 2,000 Prussian officers were of noble birth. However, in its emphasis on a "citizens' army," West Germany's government has even closed off this time-honored avenue for "aristocratic service."

As far back as 1826, the year that Canon King Friedrich Krupp died, Goethe bewailed a new "century of able men," protesting: "It is riches and speed that the world admires and strives for." The first Krupp and the other new tycoons were essential to the Kaisers' dreams of empire; the aristocratic clans that accepted them won new wealth and a new lease on life. Finally decimated by two world wars, denigrated by Hitler's *Funktionärsgesellschaft* (society of functionaries), their eclipse was sealed by the postwar partition of Germany. Worst hit of all were the wealthy Junkers, the Brahmins of Teutonic society, who lost their vast tracts of land in the eastern territories and in most cases came to West Germany as penniless refugees.

Company Cousins. Even today many older aristocrats regard a business career as not quite *salonfähig* (socially desirable). At a dinner party in Bonn last week, a bespectacled count drew sympathetic clucks when he declared: "All my young cousins are in industry now. Incredible!" Another aristocrat harrumphed recently: "The great problem in Germany today is that there are no gentlemen in the government." It is to West Germany's credit nonetheless that nowadays talents are apt to count far more than titles. "How do you get ahead today?" asks a grey-tinted industrialist. "It's easy—proficiency and elbows."

This new, assertive sense of self-confidence has penetrated to every level of German society. Instead of accepting the old class divisions as preordained, says Sociologist Helmut Schelsky, German workers today believe almost religiously in the slogan: "*Ich kann das auch werden* [I can get to be what he is]." Thus, despite the laments of the aristocracy, argues Schelsky, the end of the old order may prove to be a blessing after all. "If you want democracy," says he, "you can't complain about the leveling and atomization of society. I'm pretty optimistic about the future."

GREAT BRITAIN

Aldermaston's Amen?

Since 1958, when the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament staged the first Aldermaston March, its 52-mile Easter parade has turned into Britain's biggest lunatic fringe benefit. Beards and weirdies soon stole the spotlight from the pacifist parsons and left-wing Laborites who started the ban-the-bomb movement. It also became evident that the four-day shamble was being manipulated by such highly motivated "pilgrims" as Communist agitators, anarchists, and a few thugs to boot. Last week, after the sixth annual spectacular ended in blisters and bombast



MARCHERS BATTLING LONDON BOBBIES
The Spies for Peace found a state secret.

in Hyde Park, most responsible Britons—including several C.N.D. co-founders—were more eager to ban the march than the bomb.

Their disillusionment was the result of a stratagem that struck even the tolerant British as a disloyal act. Even before the marchers left Aldermaston, there appeared copies of a crudely mimeographed, twelve-page document headed: DANGER! OFFICIAL SECRET. Inside, its anonymous authors declared: "We are Spies for Peace. We have decided to publish an Official Secret. There are thousands more secrets in captivity. This is not the only one we shall release." The information it contained was, in fact, highly classified: the locations, code names and telephone numbers of twelve Regional Seats of Government from which British authorities would attempt to restore order in the event of nuclear attack. "This," exclaimed Home Secretary Henry Brooke, "is the work of a traitor."

By no coincidence, the only emergency headquarters described in detail was R.S.G. 6, an underground bunker in the Berkshire woods along the marchers' route from Reading to London. Ignoring C.N.D. officials' pleas to stay on the main road, 1,000 of some 15,000 marchers left the procession and poured down the country lane marked on the "peace" spies' map. After a scuffle with police, the shouting demonstrators staged a mass squat around the bunker for more than an hour, until one of their leaders announced: "We have achieved our object."

Whatever their real object, the "spies for peace" triggered a full-scale Scotland Yard investigation and brought Prime Minister Harold Macmillan scurrying back from his country home to London for consultation with his Cabinet. Nevertheless, Canon John Collins, C.N.D. chairman and preceptor of St. Paul's Cathedral, simpered on TV that most marchers "treated it rather as a joke." His merriment was not shared by James Cameron, a crusading journalist who has been a prominent



AT VICTORIA'S STATUE

figure in C.N.D. since its inception, Cameron conceded sadly that the ban-the-bomb marches had "become a vehicle for too many secondary and dubious intentions." Admitting belatedly that C.N.D. had been taken for a ride, Cameron cried: "God save us from our friends."

AUSTRIA

End of the Chase

These wretched people are sent to filthy slaughterhouses like a herd of sick, neglected cattle. But I won't talk about it. I only get nightmares from such thoughts.

—Anne Frank.

The Diary of a Young Girl

Anne Frank's nightmares finally ended in the concentration camp in Bergen-Belsen in March 1945. Last week the man who, as Adolf Eichmann's legal expert, helped organize the roundup of Anne and 110,000 other Dutch Jews was arrested in Austria and held for investigation on the charge of having "aided and abetted" the massacre. He was former SS Captain Erich Rajakowitsch, 57, for whom life as a respectable businessman in Italy had abruptly come to an end.

"Heart & Soul." Born in Trieste, the son of a prosperous merchant, Rajakowitsch became a lawyer and moved to Vienna, where his intelligence and good looks soon earned him a wide circle of friends. One of them was Adolf Eichmann, who in 1938 was busy planning the

expulsion of Jews from Austria, Rajakowitsch volunteered his services to Eichmann, provided a neat formula whereby the Nazis got quick cash ransoms from Jews who were forced to quit the country. When Rajakowitsch formally applied to join the SS, Eichmann wrote a warm letter recommending him as "somebody who puts himself at the disposal of the cause with heart and soul, a National Socialist of the purest race."

He was that, all right. Rajakowitsch traveled as Eichmann's deputy to Czechoslovakia, Poland and Berlin; then, in 1941 he was rushed to The Netherlands, where intermittent month-long protest riots had broken out in major cities after the Nazis' first raid on the Jewish quarter of Amsterdam. Rajakowitsch soon got the roundups rolling smoothly. As boss of the dreaded Section IV-B-4 (Special Office for Jewish Affairs) in Holland, he was so thorough that when he was asked to spare a handful of Jews of Portuguese origin, he declared, "Jews are Jews—out!"

Tired of Running. Soon afterward, Rajakowitsch dropped from sight, and many believed he had died on the Eastern front. But after Eichmann told Israeli police that he had talked to his old friend in Buenos Aires after the war, the net started moving around him. Simon Wiesenthal, chief of the Jewish Documentation Center in Vienna, who had helped track down Eichmann, traced Rajakowitsch to Milan. There, under the name Enrico Raja, he had built up a flourishing business importing metals and machinery from Communist Eastern Europe.

Since Rajakowitsch was legally still an Austrian citizen, Wiesenthal asked Vienna cops to request his extradition. They refused; Italian police refused to expel him. Finally, about three weeks ago, Wiesenthal took the whole story to Milan's (and Italy's) biggest newspaper, *Corriere della Sera*, which printed it.² At that, Rajakowitsch fled to a Swiss villa he owned near Lake Lugano, but was quickly expelled as an "unwanted person" by the authorities. Tired of the chase, Rajakowitsch hopped a flight to Munich, then drove to Vienna where he gave himself up. He had expected to be freed on bail, and his arrest, said Rajakowitsch, was "very surprising," since he had come back only to "clear myself."

SPAIN

Trouble This Summer?

One day last week, three impatient shrieks of a locomotive whistle shattered the morning calm of Sanlúcar de Barrameda, a small Spanish city in the grape country around Cádiz. On the dusty rail-



NAZI RAJAKOWITSCH
The purest kind of brutality.

road platform, the stationmaster nervously paced back and forth waiting for the expected passengers, seasonal workers who commute to their jobs in the vineyards. But scarcely a soul showed up at the station, for in Sanlúcar and nearby Jerez de la Frontera 3,900 workers were out on strike for a \$2.50 daily wage (a 50¢ boost), portal-to-portal pay between the vineyard and home, and two—not one—daily *cigars*, the slang word for the workers' traditional 20-minute siesta.

The strike was the latest and biggest in a wave of labor unrest that has swept Dictator Francisco Franco's Spain this spring. In Barcelona the Hispano Suiza airplane-engine plant recently laid off 150 employees following a series of work slowdowns, was forced to hire them back when 1,000 Olivetti factory employees threatened a sympathy walkout. Two sitdown strikes in a single week disrupted work in

a Seville textile plant. Six hundred Madrid metalworkers have been threatening similar trouble after stubbornly refusing to sign a new contract.

Aid from the Priests. The complaints are many, for the Spanish worker puts in longer hours for less pay than almost any other worker in Western Europe, and strikes are legally banned. When *El Caudillo* granted substantial wage boosts for the 60,000 striking Asturias coal miners last summer, he merely whetted the appetites of workers in the rest of the country; another increase last Jan. 1, raising unskilled laborers from a minimum 60¢ to \$1 per day, did not help the millions of skilled workers above this meager floor.

Openly backing the latest wave of strikes are the priests of the Workers' Brotherhoods of Catholic Action and several small but effective Catholic lay organizations that regularly blast the *Caudillo's* tight controls on workers from beneath the sheltering wing of the church. One such group, the Young Christian Workers, publishes an uncensored and outspoken monthly bulletin, *Juventud Obrera*, that demands free, Western-style labor unions, lashes out at the anachronistic *sindicatos*, which fix prices and wages throughout the country. Said journal Editor Francisco Guerrero, 21, describing his mission last week: "Our work is God's answer to the evil negation of all human values. It is the only salvation for Spain's masses, oppressed from above [by Franco] and menaced from below [by the Communists]."

A Trip to Cádiz. Such frank talk has the regime seriously worried, and a few of the more progressive members of Franco's authoritarian regime are anxiously trying to improve labor conditions. The Labor Ministry is preparing a bill to legalize "labor" strikes (as distinct from "political" strikes). Another measure of the regime's concern was the swift settlement of last week's trouble among the vineyard workers of Sanlúcar and Jerez. As soon as word of the work stoppage was flashed to Madrid, a Labor Ministry official raced to Cádiz and pressured vineyard employers into bowing to most of the worker demands, including more centimos as well as the second *cigar*.

Trouble was over for the moment. But worried Franco aides know that dozens of important wage contracts in many industries are up for renewal during the coming weeks. Unless pay boosts are granted promptly, Spain is almost certainly in for a serious nationwide wave of strikes this summer.

Death at Dawn

Julian Grima García was 25 and a detective in Madrid when the Spanish Civil War broke out in 1936. But he was also a member of the Spanish Communist Party, and his professional police training soon landed him a key job in the Red apparatus. He became chief of "criminal investigations" for Madrid, Valencia and Barcelona, ferreting out supporters of Francisco Franco. Part of Grima's job



COMMUNIST GRIMA
Violence meted violence met.

¹ In West Germany, news of the story came as an embarrassment to Rajakowitsch's wartime superior in The Netherlands, SS Brigadier General Wilhelm Harster. Harster had served eight years as a war criminal in Holland after the war, apparently no hindrance to his employment by the Bavarian Interior Ministry as a legal consultant. Last week Harster was dismissed from his post in Munich with a pension, of course.

Announcing American's "Wife Vacation Plan"



Take your wife first class for half-fare.

Here's a plan we came up with just for the little woman with rugs to vacuum, beds to make and children to get off to school.

We'll take her first class with all the trimmings for half-fare.

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And you get the complete first

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You can go any day but Sunday. For further information call American or your travel agent.

Now we're waiting to see who we get the most calls from, husbands or wives.

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was to serve on kangaroo courts, called Chekas (after the onetime initials of the Soviet secret police), which ordered dozens of summary death sentences during the brutal three-year war.

After the Republican collapse Grimaud fled, worked as a Communist agent in Czechoslovakia, Russia, Mexico and Cuba. A member of the central committee of the outlawed Spanish Communist Party, he was living in France when he slipped across the frontier in 1959 to reorganize the Spanish Communist underground. After several trips in and out of Spain since 1959, an informer gave him away to police in Madrid last November. Franco's cops clapped him in jail and began a lengthy interrogation. During one session, Grimaud leaped, fell, or was pushed from a first-floor window, fracturing his skull and both arms.

Last week, with a large dent in his forehead, gaunt, balding Grimaud heard a seven-man military court tick off the charges against him: they ranged from "continuing military rebellion" to arson, torture and execution of anti-Republicans by the Chekas 25 years ago. The maximum penalty was death. Did he care to say something before sentence was passed? "Only this," replied Grimaud. "Since 1936, I have lived the life of a Communist. I will die a Communist." Then he took his seat and listened intently as the court pronounced the sentence everyone expected—death.

This was the cue for Communist demonstrations in half a dozen West European cities: Nikita Khrushchev, no stranger to executions, held the gill to send a personal appeal for clemency to Franco. Grimaud's wife vainly urged President Kennedy to intervene. The international pressure only stiffened the regime's determination to carry out the penalty. At a meeting with his Cabinet, Franco upheld the sentence.

Next day at dawn, Grimaud, pale but composed, was led into the courtyard of Carabanchel Prison just outside Madrid. He walked alone to the wall, refused a blindfold, shouted "Viva el Comunismo!", and then collapsed under a volley of shots fired by Spanish Moroccan troops.

GHANA

Dealing with Enemies

During his six years as Ghana's boss, President Kwame Nkrumah has dealt with his opposition in a variety of ways—intimidation, jail, exile. Last week he went a step further. In a packed courtroom in Accra, where mine detectors were used to check spectators for weapons, an Nkrumah-created tribunal passed out death sentences to five enemies of the regime.

The five men, four Ghanaians and a Nigerian, were charged with treason in connection with half a dozen explosions that killed 35 persons and injured 300. The bombing began last August, when the blast of a hand grenade wounded *Osagyefo*

in the shoulder as he drove by in his Russian-made Chaika limousine near the northern border village of Kulungugu. Nkrumah's cops have been rounding up suspects ever since.

As the five-week trial dragged on, one of the defendants, Nigerian Immigrant Malam Mama Tula, 44, testified that the real brains behind the Kulungugu attempt were three men who had been Nkrumah's closest cronies, ex-Foreign Minister Ako Adjei, ex-Information Minister Tawia Adamafio, and H. H. Coffie-Crabbe, former executive secretary of Nkrumah's own Convention People's Party. Mama Tula said that the trio conferred with the



MAMA TULA IN CUSTODY
From white wig to black hat.

bomb throwers at a village hideout, supplied eight British-made grenades and promised a \$560 bounty if Nkrumah was killed. The three have been in prison under the Preventive Detention Act since last August.

One of the four other treason defendants beside Mama Tula in the dock, Teiko Tagoe, 20, readily admitted to possession of a live hand grenade at a meeting of Nkrumah's party last January. Another, Joseph Quaye Mensah, 57, owned up to mailing the Redeemer an anonymous letter warning, "Dear Dr. This is to inform you I am still chasing you until I... have you killed," but pleaded that he was only trying to scare Nkrumah. When the testimony ended, the three white-wigged judges filed out, spent another two weeks preparing a 6,000-word decision. When they returned last week, the chief justice paused somberly to don a black cap before pronouncing sentence, signal that the verdict would be death by hanging.

THE CONGO

The Battle of Jadotville

It began like the Montagues and the Capulets. He was a Lunda boy who wanted to marry a Baluba girl, but the two tribes were ancient blood foes. Last week, in the Katanga town of Jadotville, their love affair resulted in a savage orgy of killing unlike any ever seen on the streets of Verona.

Bands of Lunda natives, armed with knives, machetes, and razor-sharp bicycle chains lashed to sticks, stormed through the streets looking for Baluba youths wearing monkey fur headpieces and animal-skin war dresses. Both sides chased terrified police out of native quarters, brushed aside the pleas of Katanga's President Moise Tshombe when he arrived in the city begging for the carnage to stop.

As the slaughter raged unchecked, white children were evacuated from the city to a nearby Methodist mission. From neighboring Northern Rhodesia, blood was flown in to meet the needs of the Jadotville hospital, where doctors and nurses worked nonstop for more than 48 hours trying to patch up a steady stream of wounded and dying. Many victims were maimed beyond recognition. "A doctor lifted a bandage off one man's head," said a witness. "A large piece had been sliced out of his skull like a slice from an orange, and I could see his brain pulsating."

After four days of bloodshed, the rioting finally petered out, and cautious United Nations troops, who had not dared intervene while the fighting was at its height, moved in and totted up the frightful cost. The toll: at least 70 dead, and scores injured.

JORDAN

The Hot Breath of Nasser

It was only a matter of time before the emotional repercussions of Gamal Abdel Nasser's Arab unity movement would sweep across the kingdom of Jordan. Last week Nasserite crowds swarmed through Jerusalem and towns on the West Bank of the Jordan River, shooting off rifles and Tommy guns and demanding immediate merger with Nasser's projected federation. King Hussein called out desert troops and police reinforcements, clamped an emergency curfew on the Holy City. In the capital city of Amman, shouting students carrying Arab unity flags with a fourth star for Jordan were peacefully dispersed, but armored cars warily patrolled the streets.

A few hours later, in a stormy debate in Amman's House of Representatives, 32 of the 60 legislators rose to attack the policies of Prime Minister Samir Rifai, whom Hussein had appointed only 24 days earlier. Rifai was in favor of linking Jordan with Nasser's group, but wanted to take his time about it. The parliamentarians did not want to wait. After nine hours of it, Rifai stormed out of the chamber, handed his resignation to King Hussein.



Photographed at Loch Lomond, Scotland, by "21" Brands

Why it takes 42 fine highland whiskies (plus a wee bit of Loch Lomond) to make Ballantine's

Almost all good branded Scotch Whiskies are made up of combinations of several individual whiskies. The quality of the individual whiskies used—and in what proportion they are used—is what determines the flavor and character of a brand.

Above you see 42 whisky barrels, one each of the fine Highland Scotches that are harmonized to make Ballantine's. Why 42? Because each of these Scotches has its own distinctive personality. (Can you notice the subtle color differences of the Scotches in the tester's glasses atop each barrel?) Once these 42 whiskies are wed in precise proportions, the result is Ballantine's



pleasing, sunny-light flavor and gentle disposition.

The lake in the background above is Loch Lomond. Its water is used in an important step during the making of Ballantine's: when the matured whiskies are brought to the proper proof. Being uncommonly soft, this water lends some of the Loch's celebrated serenity to the spirit.

What you pour from the Ballantine's bottle is authentic Scotch Whisky—never brash or heavy...nor so limply light that it merely teases the taste buds. Just a few reasons why: ***The more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.***

PEOPLE

Happy announcements were cropping up all over, and from her Long Island estate society's First Lady **Mrs. Winston Guest**, 43, confirmed reports that she too is expecting an heir—or an heiress—some time next October. "I guess I'd like a girl," mused Ceezee, who already has an eight-year-old son and nearly everything else her heart desires.

The stunt had been done before, in 1785, but getting there was half the fun for **Donald Piccard**, 37, and Paul E. Yost, 39, both of Sioux Falls, S. Dak. Engaged in ballyhoo for a French travel magazine, the two rising young Americans rose to about 13,000 ft., sailing a 72-ft. hot-air balloon across the English Channel in 3 hr. 45 min. Climbing out of the gondola, young Piccard, son of Balloonist Jean Felix Piccard, who died this year, and nephew of the late air-sea Explorer Auguste Piccard (inventor of the deep-diving bathyscaphe), seemed to the manner born. Said he: "It was a perfect trip."

"These two women, because they are aging, cannot stand anybody young. If you would have a private detective on them, you would be surprised what a life they lead! Why should these women be allowed to write a daily column and poison our children's minds?" For those kiddies who follow the gossip columns, **Zsa**

had my face lifted." As for Zsa Zsa's defending children's morals: "It may be the biggest laugh of the last 50 years."

At a distinguished luncheon in Manhattan, Columbia College announced a \$500,000 endowment for a **General Douglas MacArthur** Chair in History. An appropriate honor, said New York Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, "for a man who has created so much history."

Platinum-haired **Rene Carpenter**, 35, wife of Triple Orbiter Malcolm Scott Carpenter, lunching with a Rotary Club group in Austin, Texas, admitted some drawbacks to being a highly publicized astronaut's lady whose husband is "sealed up in that paperweight." However, added Rene, "we do no more than the wives of

concern. Considering his daughter "amply provided for" (Dina's husband is Colgate Heir Stanley M. Rumbough, her mother, Mrs. Marjorie Post May, heiress to the Post Toasties millions), the stockbroker left the greater share of his fortune to Third Wife Dorothy Dear Hutton, the remainder to be divided between Stepdaughter Joan Metzger Patterson and the three Rumbough children. But Dina, crisply unhappy about the division, filed suit in a Nassau County court. "My



DINA MERRILL
Amply provided for.



RENE CARPENTER
Nothing to feel sorry for.



SUZY
A nose of her own.

Zsa Gabor, doing a TV guest shot with Johnny Carson, was zering in on her targets for *Tonight*: Hollywood Chronicle **Sheilah Graham** and Hearst Society Scribe **Suzy**, who often give Zsa Zsa the benefit of a clout. Sheilah pretended she hadn't heard. But not Suzy, "Hungarian blabbermouth." "Fatty," "Miss Tank Town," she wrote. "Zsa Zsa has an age complex, and in her case she has a right to one. I'll spot her ten years. My nose is the one I was born with, and I've never

helicopter crews in Viet Nam or the women the *Thresher* left behind. They risked just as much and lost a great deal more. Don't feel sorry for us. It's great to whisper at lift-off. 'Don't look back—we're with you.'"

Whatever happened to *Chopsticks*? In Tokyo, Japanese jazzmen fell in line to jam with Vibraharpist **Lionel Hampton**, 49, packing them in on a five-week barnstorm tour of Japan. His regular cats augmented with local talent—including a belting new gal vocalist, Mayumi Kuroda, 21—Hamp gave the customers "integrated music" stomped out by an "Asiatic Harlem" band. "The more I travel," says he, "the more I'm convinced that jazz isn't native to the States. These boys can read the flyspecks off wallpaper."

His "esteem and affection" and a mere \$25,000 were the total bequest to Socialite Actress **Dina Merrill**, 37, from the estimated \$1,800,000 estate of her father, Edward F. Hutton, founder of Wall Street's E. F. Hutton & Co. brokerage

father's will disinherited my children—his only grandchildren," said she enigmatically. "I am taking action as any mother would."

Speaking at the Congressional Club in Washington, Australian Ambassador **Sir Howard Beale**, 64, sought to explain the inexplicable—British titles: "British Ambassador Sir David Ormsby Gore is a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, neither of whom ever existed. I am a Knight Commander of the British Empire, which has ceased to exist. And our two recent colleagues from Jamaica and Trinidad are Knights Bachelor, with wives and families." Concluded Sir Howard: "Such an illogical people—no wonder the French didn't want them in the Common Market."

Uncle Sam stands to become principal beneficiary of a \$43,954,062 estate left by **Mrs. Lillian Timken**, widow of a co-founder of the Timken Roller Bearing Co. Sequestered among art treasures in her Fifth Avenue apartment until she died in 1959 at the age of 78, the wealthy recluse gave her paintings (among them a Goya, two Rembrandts, two Titians and a Rubens) to three U.S. museums, intended her principal assets (stocks and bonds) for her heirs. But she failed to set up the proper trusts and other tax-reducing gimmicks, and so an appraisal filed in Manhattan Surrogate's Court indicates a bite of \$88,175,000 to the Federal Government, \$7,481,304 in state taxes.



ONCE MOUNTAIN RUN MADE LIFE MISERABLE

This unruly stream flooded annually. Often ran dry. Cost thousands. Caused water rationing. Discouraged industry. Stopped the building of a hospital. But now its waters are tamed. New industry adds \$1.5 million a year to the local economy. The hospital is built. Here's how the people of Culpeper, Va., made it so.

Culpeper's first surveyor foresaw the problem in 1719. His name: George Washington. With a wary eye on Mountain Run, he recommended that the town be established on a "high and pleasant situation"...well above the stream.

But over the centuries the town spread into the valley... and its water problems grew. By 1954 they were unmanageable. Located 68 miles south of Washington, D.C., Culpeper, Virginia, had become a trading area for more than 40,000 people. It needed more land for expansion, but the most desirable land was flooded almost annually by Mountain Run. It needed more water, but Mountain Run was unpredictable, often drying up completely.

THE SEARCH FOR A SOLUTION

A well was drilled. The water was too hard to use. Then an abandoned quarry was equipped to store excess water for emergency use. But this was both costly and inefficient. It became evident that the solution lay with the stream itself. Something had to be done to slow Mountain Run to a walk... and keep it at that pace all year round.

In 1955, L. B. Henretty, conservationist with the Department of Agriculture's Soil Conservation Service in Culpeper, told the townspeople about the new Small Watershed Program... designed to help solve the water problems of all the people in a watershed area.

The area around Culpeper was ideal for a watershed project... if the people living both in the town and on farms could work together. Mayor T. I. Martin of Culpeper made it clear the town would support such a program. Offers of cooperation came from farmers.

WORKING TOGETHER BRINGS SUCCESS

The first step was the formation of the Mountain Run Watershed Association. This coalition of farmers, landowners and townspeople worked for the next five years to obtain the land for the project... to instigate soil conservation practices which would keep the water on the land.

Meanwhile, Mr. Henretty helped the Association make final site selections. In its completed form, the project included the building of three small dams—one for each tributary on Mountain Run. The lakes they formed are capable of holding, during flood time, more than three times their normal capacity.

The largest of these lakes, however, does more than prevent floods. It holds 190 million gallons of water for Culpeper, which is released as needed in times of drought. Mountain Run is tamed. It can neither flood nor go dry.

RESULTS ARE EYE-OPENING

For every dollar spent on the project, a return of \$1.18 is now being realized. New industry has created 400 jobs,



added \$1.5 million a year to the local economy, broadened the town and county tax base.

A new hospital, which already has saved dozens of lives, is one result of the project. A beautiful new residential section is still another. Six years ago both of these projects would have been impossible because of lack of water.

Removal of the flood threat permits a more intensive use of farm land. A 20-acre wasteland is now a modern shopping center. And a special recreation area has been created on beautiful, new Mountain Run Lake.

The Mountain Run Watershed project is an example of cooperation between farmers and townspeople. But more than that, it is the story of individuals who saw a problem and *did* something about it. Men of vision. Men of action.

HOW ABOUT YOUR AREA?

Culpeper's problems are not uncommon. Flood and useless run-off help waste much of our nation's annual rainfall. Yet, by 1980, we will need *twice* the water we are currently using.

The water problem is one that can best be solved community by community. Perhaps *you* can do something about it in your area. For a better understanding of the nationwide problem and how it can be erased—send for the booklet, "Water Crisis, U. S. A." Write Department Q, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

CATERPILLAR

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MACHINES THAT BUILD FOR A GROWING AMERICA



This dam and these two men—Mayor T. I. Martin of Culpeper and Mr. L. B. Henretty of the Soil Conservation Service—helped tame the waters of Mountain Run. The lake formed holds 190 million gallons of water for Culpeper.



Floods like this once cost Culpeper thousands a year, hurt town and farm alike. Droughts were just as costly. This cycle of too much or too little has disappeared with the development of the Mountain Run Watershed.



The brand-new Culpeper Memorial Hospital is one result of the Mountain Run Watershed project. Planned years ago, its construction was held up indefinitely because of lack of water. Today it's saving lives.



One of three new plants built in Culpeper immediately after the project's completion. These new industries have created 400 jobs, are adding \$1.5 million a year to the local economy. Others are interested, too.

SPORT

AUTO RACING

Nice Place for a Picnic

If there were a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Automobiles, there would be no East African Safari.

The world's most punishing stock car rally, the Safari starts in Nairobi and winds up—3,130 miles later—exactly where it started (*see map*). The rules are the standard rally do's and don'ts used in Europe and the U.S. Drivers lose points for passing secret checkpoints too early or too late, for drifting off course, exceeding posted speed limits or hogging the road. They are forbidden to replace parts (which are coated with radioactive paint and examined with Geiger counters as a check against cheating). The provisos are tough enough on paved roads; in East Africa, the rally becomes a rout.

"Something Ate It." For four days cars lurch through the jungles and over dirt roads that are dusty, muddy, pitted, rutted, and sometimes nonexistent—washed

out altogether by Africa's torrential spring rains. Gas stations are 130 miles apart, and road signs warn of bizarre hazards: ELEPHANTS HAVE RIGHT OF WAY. Drivers equip their cars with extra headlights and elaborate navigational equipment, and pessimists load up with bank bags full of shillings to buy off belligerent natives. But only three times in the Safari's eleven-year history have as many as half the starting cars managed to limp across the finish line. In Nairobi they tell the story, probably apocryphal, of the British-made Mini car that started out and was never seen again. "Something," suggests one competitor, "must have eaten it."

Last week, as 84 cars (including 21 makes) roared out of Nairobi for this year's rally, a sudden cloudburst dumped 33 in. of rain on the road. Officials rerouted the rally around "impassable" Mount Kenya, cutting off seven miles—and 90 hairpin turns—but 25 cars still bogged down hopelessly in wheel-deep mud.

Terrified animals stampeded across the

road. Britain's Pat Moss, sister of Racing Driver Stirling Moss, skidded wildly to avoid a lion in the middle of the track. "He looked just like a mound of sand lying there," said Pat, who later flipped her Cortina negotiating a turn, and caused a Volkswagen behind her to crack up as well. Rocks tore into gas tanks, crumpled fenders, slashed tires; swarms of flying ants pulped themselves on windshields. By the end of the 1,300-mile northern leg, 41 cars were out of the race. As the survivors wheeled into Nairobi for an eight-hour layover before starting the southern leg, Sweden's Erik Carlsson, 33, Pat Moss's fiancé, looked like a certain winner. Immaculate except for a slight scratch on the radiator grille where a bird had hit it, Carlsson's tiny white Saab was 33 min. ahead of its nearest competitor.

"Boom!" But no non-African driver had ever won the Safari—and next morning Carlsson learned why. Speeding at 70 m.p.h. through the Tanganyikan village of Meia, he plowed head-on into a giant ant-eater (weight: up to 130 lbs.) lazily crossing the road. "There was no time to swerve or anything," he complained. "I just saw this thing shining in my headlights, and then—boom!—I hit it."

With Carlsson out, Kenya's Peter Hughes took over the lead in his Ford Anglia. Close behind him, Nick Nowicki, 33, a car dealer from Nakuru, Kenya, floored his accelerator. He was lucky to be in the race: the day before, skidding his No. 65, a French Peugeot 404, around a blind bend at 40 m.p.h., Nowicki had found two stalled cars blocking his way. The road was lined with gaunt "fever trees." Nowicki yanked the wheel over, bounced off the road and through the trees. Said shaken Co-Driver Paddy Cliff: "I'll remember it in my nightmares—winding in and out of those damned fever trees, emerging with our front end decorated with loose hush. Nick just grinned and said, 'Nice place for a picnic.'"

Outside Dar es Salaam, Tanganyika, Nowicki overtook Hughes—his Anglia was stuck fast in a ditch. Ahead by 78 min., Nowicki roared into Nairobi to collect the winner's purse of \$2,310. Other prizes went begging because there was nobody around to claim them. In all, only seven cars managed to finish the race.



EAST AFRICAN SAFARI



BASEBALL

It Ain't the Way They Do It's the What They Do It

Things were had enough last year, when Casey Stengel's fledgling New York Mets earned a certain immortality by losing more games (120) than any other team in the history of modern major-league baseball. They had their laughs, though—like the time "Marvelous Marv" Throneberry walloped a triple and failed to touch either first or second base. But all that was going to change this year. The lineup was full of fierce young rookies. Oldtime Slugger Duke Snider (380 lifetime homers) was on hand from the Los Angeles Dodgers, and the Mets' owner, Mrs. Joan Whitney Payson, felt pretty optimistic. "I simply cannot stand 120 losses this



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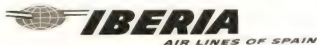


Me

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Another case history of sales from
LOOK—America's No. 1 Showcase



**"We ran a special
Westclox advertisement exclusively
in LOOK last Christmas ... and
our dealers report an average
sales increase of 20%."**

—ROBERT SHEA
MANAGER OF MARKETING
WESTCLOX DIVISION
GENERAL TIME CORPORATION

In the fall of 1962, a special Christmas promotion was developed for Westclox. The promotion called for an advertisement featuring serially-numbered coupons, which were to be taken by the consumers to their Westclox dealers. Holders of coupons with winning numbers received prizes.

The advertisement appeared in only one issue of one publication: the November 20, 1962, LOOK. "Because it ran only in LOOK," reports Mr. Shea, "we were able to gauge LOOK's effectiveness. And LOOK is effective—no mistake about that. Our dealers told us that, in the weeks following the ad's appearance, their sales of Westclox products climbed an average of 20% over the comparable

period of 1961." And dealer display of Westclox merchandise increased over 40%.

"Perhaps the most solid proof of results is our decision to repeat the Westclox promotion this year," says Mr. Shea. "In LOOK, of course."

In 1962 vs. 1961, LOOK led all other magazines in America in advertising revenue gains. Because LOOK gets results. Because LOOK *means sales*.

LOOK

FIRST IN CIRCULATION IN ITS FIELD



NY EMPIRE STATE

63

Would Your Premiums
Be "Jacked-up"
...for a Minor Accident?

GET EMPIRE MUTUAL'S NEW 5 YEAR CERTIFIED RENEWABLE AUTO LIABILITY INSURANCE

Don't pay up to 100% more!*

Empire's Renewal Premiums — based on a 3-year experience record — are lower. "Chargeable accidents," major or minor, one or several, cost more with most other plans.

Empire Mutual disregards a past accident loss of \$100 or less. Nor are collision or medical payment losses included in determining premium rates. Other companies include losses over \$50 as "chargeable accidents". Some include any loss no matter how small.

When New York State residents qualify under this plan they are protected for 5 years or more. You need not fear an unex-

pected or unwarranted cancellation of your insurance. Empire guarantees—regardless of your accident record, not to cancel your liability coverage for at least 5 years or more, as long as you pay your premium and the drivers in your household abide by the law and policy conditions.

You will also be glad to know about Empire's 15% additional discount, in advance, which is not offered by most other companies. You can buy a lot of gasoline with these savings. Discover now exactly what you will save with Empire. Call your insurance representative for full details, today!

*Some companies increase premiums 100%, for 3 accidents costing between \$50 and \$100 within the current 3 year rating period. This would be more than double the premium charged by Empire.

EMPIRE MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY

1990 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 23, N. Y.





MRS. JOAN WHITNEY PAYSON

METS OWNER PAYSON
She simply can't stand it.

year," she said. "If we can't get anything, we are going to cut those losses down—at least to 110."

But then, on the very first play of the very first game, Third Baseman Charley Neal rushed in to field a slow grounder, grabbed the ball and threw it into right field. The St. Louis Cardinals won 7-0 and the Mets got two hits. By last week the Mets had scored only ten runs and collected only 43 base hits. In their first eight games, they piled up eight losses, one away from their league record of last season.

Still, as the song goes, it ain't what they do, it's the way that they do it. In Milwaukee, they led the Braves 3-2, and were just one pitch away from victory. That pitch was a high hard one thrown by the Mets' Tracy Stallard to the Braves' Lee Maye, a professional rock 'n' roll singer. He hit it into County Stadium's right-field bleachers. "With any other ball team," sighed Met Alvin Jackson, "there might have been a chance that Maye would have fled out. But with us, the ball is gone as soon as it's hit."

And then, the Mets finally won one—practically the same way. Trailing the Braves, 4-3, they scored two runs in the ninth. MAZEL TOV! shrieked the New York Mirror, and all the city cheered. Flushed with victory, they won yet another, beating—of all people—Milwaukee's Warren Spahn, winningest pitcher (329 victories) in the major leagues.

PRO FOOTBALL

Bush-League Scandal

Pro football's tycoons have a good thing going, and the slightest scent of scandal makes them shudder—all the way to the bank. Last week they got a bad case of the trembles. Those stories about players betting on pro games turned out to be true. As sports scandals go, this one was strictly bush league. But it was enough to make National Football League Commissioner Pete Rozelle reach for his cat-o'-nine-tails.

During a party in Miami last December, five members of the Detroit Lions bet \$50 apiece on the Green Bay Packers to win the N.F.L. championship. For that, Rozelle fined each of them \$2,000. He clipped the Detroit club \$4,000 for pooh-poohing the whole business. Then he threw the book at Detroit's tough Tackle Alex Karras, 27, and Green Bay Halfback Paul Hornung, 27, the N.F.L.'s Most Valuable Player in 1961. Karras, said Rozelle, had made "at least six significant bets" of \$50 and \$100 on N.F.L. games since 1958. Hornung, football's "Golden Boy" with an income of \$50,000 in salary and testimonials, bet up to \$500 on the games. Neither bet against his own team, and neither made much money. Except for one year when Hornung was ahead by \$1,500, he just about broke even. Just the same, both players drew "indefinite" suspensions that might knock them out of football for good.

Why was Rozelle so tough? A player who gets into the habit of betting, he reasoned, can also get into the habit of losing his shirt—and fall into the clutches of professional gamblers. Suppose a player was known to be a regular bettor, and then word got out that he had failed to bet on one game. How come? Was something up? Last but not least, gambling on football games is illegal in every state but one—and there are no pro teams in Nevada.

WHO WON

► Toronto's Maple Leafs: the Stanley Cup play-offs, for the second year in a row, beating the Detroit Red Wings four games to one to win pro ice hockey's biggest prize. A mixture of callow youths and creaking veterans, the Leafs confounded experts by finishing the regular season on top, brushing past the Montreal Canadiens in the play-off semifinals. Then, led by well-mannered (one penalty all season) Center Dave Keon, 23, who scored four goals and chipped in two assists, they skated rings around the Red Wings for the Stanley Cup and \$2,000 per man.

► Belgium's Aurele Vandendriessche: the 26-mile, 385-yd. Boston Marathon, thus becoming the 17th foreigner to win the Patriot's Day race in the last 18 years. A bookkeeper in a cotton mill, Vandendriessche, 30, loped leisurely through the Newton hills, had no thought of winning until two miles from the finish when he found Ethiopia's heavily favored Abebe Bikila staggering rubber-legged just ahead. Vandendriessche dashed past Bikila, crossed the finish line 500 yds. ahead of Connecticut's Johnny Kelley, the 1957 winner.

► No Robbery: the \$40,800 Wood Memorial, at New York's Aqueduct race track. Taking command at the start of the 1 1/4-mile race, the undefeated bay colt belonging to Mrs. Joan Whitney Payson, owner of the oft-defeated New York Mets, bore out on the stretch turn, still romped to a two-length victory that ran his record to five straight, stamped him as a strong contender—along with Rex Ellsworth's Candy Spots and Harry Guggenheim's Never Bend—for next week's Kentucky Derby.



TITLEIST COMPLETES

15th

CONSECUTIVE YEAR AS OVERWHELMING FAVORITE OF PLAYERS ON THE WINTER TOUR

TOURNAMENT RECORD

Tournament	Playing Titleist	Nearest Competitive Ball
LOS ANGELES	52	29
SAN DIEGO	56	30
BING CROSBY	117	52
LUCKY OPEN	69	29
PALM SPRINGS	27	12
PGA SENIORS	23	23
PHOENIX OPEN	73	23
TUCSON OPEN	87	19
NEW ORLEANS	66	22
PENSACOLA	74	22
ST. PETERSBURG	87	23
DORAL	58	23
AZALEA	86	17
MASTERS	27	14
TOTAL	1324	469

AND REMEMBER:
NO ONE IS PAID TO PLAY TITLEIST



ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS

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EDUCATION

COLLEGES

The Whitty Reformer

The quality of Alfred Whitney Griswold made that he gave vividness and authority to ideals that other men often make trite or fanatic. The cliché-cursed goal of "excellence" in education seemed credible and attainable when Yale's President Griswold spoke of it in brief and reasonable words. Academic freedom, made suspect by some of education's oddballs, was restored to its place as a university's inalienable right and duty after Griswold defined it. Last week at Yale, the bells of Harkness Tower tolled the news that the university had died for months. At 56, Whitney Griswold was dead of intestinal cancer.

The "wittiest" member of Yale's class of '29, Griswold aspired to be a writer. A taste of Wall Street drove him back to Yale to teach, and at 40 he became one of the university's youngest and most respected full professors. One day in 1958, he lunched in Manhattan with a college-president friend, heard out a tale of woe and after the meal told his wife: "Thank God we're not in that racket!" The same morning, unknown to him, the Yale Corporation had named Whitney Griswold president. Yale's youngest in modern times.

The school was deep in the red, and Griswold smoothly made himself a crack fund raiser. He more than tripled endowment to \$175 million, launched a \$60.5 million capital-funds campaign, put \$75 million into 26 new buildings, gave Gothic Yale a bold new look with daring designs by Eero Saarinen and other top modern architects. To emphasize liberal education, Griswold gave Yale College control of all



GRISWOLD & FRIEND (1962 GRADUATION)
A Yale respect for excellence.

4,000-odd undergraduates, including the once separatist engineering students. To spur Yale scholars, he set up research fellowships for young teachers, more than doubled faculty salaries; top professors now get \$22,000 a year.

But the world beyond New Haven knew Whitney Griswold best for his cool-headed defenses of scholarly values. "Books won't stay banned," he warned in McCarthy-era 1952. "Ideas won't go to jail. In the long run of history, the censor and the inquisitor have always lost." Yet he supported the theory that duty required teachers to cooperate with congressional investigators even if the "powers of legislative inquiry are abused." He blasted athletic scholarships, "the greatest swindle ever perpetrated on American youth," bulled through the simon-pure code that now governs Ivy League football. He fought to repeal the federal student loan "disclaimer affidavit" ("we cannot legislate loyalty"), scorned the "methodological pedagogy" of teachers' colleges.

Such reforms brought new vitality to a university not noted for change in the past. To Whitney Griswold, education was "Madison and Jefferson talking to each other about everything under the sun." He acknowledged lofty achievements in other great universities, but he candidly said of Yale: "We can conscientiously believe that there is none better."

Boston Beacon

Boston College is the folk school of the Boston Irish—a Jesuit beacon that in the past century lit the lowly immigrant's way from the first landfill to the last hurrah. Now the tiny city school that got its charter in 1863 counts 11,000 students, most of them on a sweeping 200-acre campus in suburban Chestnut Hill. With six graduate and professional schools, coed B.C. is one of the nation's biggest and best Catholic universities. Boston College watered the roots that grew the first Irish-Catholic U.S. President, and last week Himself was on hand to celebrate B.C.'s 100th birthday, along with admiring scholars of other faiths and other universities, from Oxford to Berkeley to Harvard. President Kennedy expressed his confidence that Boston College would go on responding "to the new needs of the age."

If Boston College does not happen to be Kennedy's alma mater, it does boast some distinguished alumni: Cardinals William O'Connell and Richard Cushing, Massachusetts Governors Maurice Tobin and Charles Hurley, Theologian John Courtney Murray. Yet for years many an old grad preferred to forget that he ever went to Boston College. Socially it was an Irish C.C.N.Y., without that school's academic status. And then during World War II enrollment plummeted clear down to 200.

Two factors saved the school: the G.I. Bill, which at last supplied paying students (current tuition: \$1,250), and lav-



WALSH & FRIEND
A demand for Harvard quality.

ish fund-raising by Cardinal Cushing. At war's end, B.C. had eight lonely Gothic buildings; now it has 31 (and plans nine more), including the Joseph P. Kennedy School of Education and an indoor hockey rink bigger than Boston Garden. To shed its commuter image, it is rapidly raising dormitories that now house 2,000 students from 37 states.

Catholic Conant, B.C.'s drive stems from its 22nd president, Father Michael Walsh, 41, a no-nonsense biologist sometimes called "the James Conant of Catholic education." Walsh has run B.C. since 1958 with the aim of proving that a Catholic college can produce impressive numbers of Catholic intellectuals. To get better students for its all-male liberal arts school, B.C. is scouring the nation's blue-chip Catholic high schools for bright kids. The payoff is an honors program of students with average college board scores in verbal and math aptitude of 707 and 712. This year's overall freshman class tops rival Holy Cross with average scores of 606 and 625. To lure its whiz kids, B.C. last year shelled out more than \$1,000,000 in financial aid.

To lure professors, Walsh unabashedly raids other schools, offering salaries as high as \$16,000, plus a climate of intimate scholarship and access to the riches of nearby M.I.T. and Harvard. Clerical interference is apparently no B.C. problem. All of its controlling trustees are Jesuits; the faculty has 143 of them, the world's biggest Jesuit teaching community. But the total faculty of 750 is full of non-Catholics, and free expression is the B.C. fashion. Washington's Catholic University recently banned a proposed speech by Germany's liberal Theologian Hans Küng; Boston College warmly welcomed him, having invited Küng to the U.S. in the first place.

Weak in sociology, B.C. is strong in classics, math and linguistics, perhaps

A black and white photograph of a vintage car's interior, showing a man, a woman, and a dog sitting in the front seats. The car has a large steering wheel and a dashboard with various gauges. The image is framed by a dashed line.

engine room...



The engine room of the new MG Sports Sedan not only houses the world's number 1 competitive engine, but holds it cross-wise instead of lengthwise, so that the family car can comfortably seat 5 passengers. Yes, 80% of the length of this exciting new car is devoted to passengers and luggage... making it the smallest big sedan on the road, a car that comfortably makes room for full-grown human beings. Ah, but that engine room!... front wheel drive (the engine pulls instead of pushes) for incredible stability, even on slippery roads in blustery gales.

And the family room? Two racy bucket seats up front and a true, three passenger seat in the back. Enormous rear window and curved side windows for maximum visibility plus shoulder room. And—there's even a light in the ash tray.

Raw power under the hood... speeds in excess of 80 mph... 4-speed stick shift and crunchproof synchromesh gear box... the guts, spirit and joy of a true MG. Parts and service through over 1,000 dealers in the United States and Canada. Solid comfort. So easy and agile, even the ladies can drive it with complete enjoyment. Behaves beautifully in city traffic, slides easily into the tiniest parking slots and turns out a pleasant 24 to 30 mpg. Built by one of the world's oldest, most well-established automobile names, car tradition, it is an economical sports car for the family man; for the man with a

wife, children, pets and guests. A dandy little sedan with a revolutionary new fluid suspension system (no springs, no shock-absorbers) that quietly flattens rough roads and high hills into soft, creamy, level rides. It is a little giant, bigger on the inside than it appears on the outside, with aircraft-type front wheel disc brakes for safer, surer stops. From the moment you put it onto the road, you'll find the new MG Sports Sedan a gallant performer, a sporting dignitary — a most elegant rascal.



MG SPORTS SEDAN
\$1898⁰⁰*

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ACTUAL SIZE
35c
3 for \$1

**THE
SUPERB
FLAVOR
OF
VINTAGE
HAVANA
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Corona
de Ville
by
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strongest in economics and English. Star scholars include Jesuit Geophysicist Daniel Linehan and Critic Edward H. Nehls, Episcopal author of a recent definitive study of D. H. Lawrence. Theology is required for all Catholic undergraduates, but leans heavily on Bible studies rather than moralizing. A major supplier of New England public-school teachers, B.C. also trains Peace Corpsmen and even runs a Montessori nursery school. Best known of its graduate schools is law. Years ago, Harvard Law School refused to take B.C. graduates; now they are welcome, and to top the irony, B.C.'s law school takes in many Harvardmen and turns out 20% of all practicing lawyers in Massachusetts.

Healing Hatred. Though compulsory chapel is gone, B.C. at undergraduate level remains a toughly disciplined school. Cuts are limited; liquor on campus is banned for resident boys, who are supposed to be in their dorms by 11. The sternest academic criticism comes from B.C.'s bright new students. They see B.C. as still too much geared to average students, criticize the all-Thomist tone of required philosophy courses. They want more undergraduate controversy, more contact with other faiths and ideas. They demand Harvard quality at B.C. But such is the fertile fission wrought by Father Walsh, who imported the critics himself. "If you broaden the scope of the college," says one junior cheerfully, "something's bound to happen."

What can happen is clear from B.C.'s best broadening to date—the "B.C. seminars," which in recent years have all but razed Boston's last Irish-Yankee barriers. B.C. set out to right Boston's wrongs by organizing campus huddles between citizens with names like Adams, Lowell, Kelly, Hurley and Pappas. Bankers, dockers, priests and doctors have since overhauled Boston with everything from a new port authority to a better transit system. Says Valeman Edward J. Logue, head of the Boston Redevelopment Authority: "What Boston College does is to knit together what hatred and contempt had kept apart. In the whole country, this is the only Catholic college that has tried to be responsible for the entire community. And out of this, Boston College has gotten something—a status in this town."

There's Nothing Like a Dame

Setting fashions in feminism is the happy fate of the women who head Barnard College, the separate but equal female undergraduate division of Columbia University. Before World War II, Miss Virginia Gildersleeve was the formidable crusader who went on to put a woman's touch on the U.N. Charter. Then came Mrs. Millicent McIntosh, the all-purpose career woman with five children who proclaimed, "The era of women's rights has merged with the era of women's opportunities." This week Barnard (enrollment: 1,500) inaugurated a new pacesetter. President Rosemary Park, a tiny, witty, lucid spinster with a steely mind and a compromise ticket.

These days reformers keep trying to turn womanpower into manpower. But to Rosemary Park, there's nothing like a dame; a country that discards femininity is a disaster area. As she told her glittering inaugural audience, the real role for women is the fostering of "a nonspecialized but concerned understanding." To keep society from rigidity and atrophy, she thinks "the specialist must be continually challenged by the lay person." Since women have a natural instinct for fitness, she argues that they should do the challenging—otherwise "the wrong legislation will get passed."

Raised in West Newton, Mass., Miss Park is her own prototype. On the one hand, she is a tireless volunteer worker for causes from prison reform to mental health, belongs to more organizations than a whole clubful of women. On the other



BARNARD'S PARK
Time to challenge the specialist.

hand, she is a trained scholar with an A.B. (summa) from Radcliffe and a Ph.D. (magna) in German studies from the University of Cologne. She is also the daughter of a college president (Wheaton) and the sister of another (Simmons). The first U.S. woman ever to become a college president twice, she takes over Barnard after 15 years of heading Connecticut College, where she launched \$10 million in new construction and even started a coordinate men's college.

Though it is hardly faltering, Barnard offers Miss Park some hard problems, the chief one being that most Barnard girls come from the New York area and live off campus. Since it is not a tidy residential school, Barnard needs a strong president to give it focus. Miss Park is also concerned with the trend toward early specialization among undergraduates. To deepen liberal learning, she wants to bring in more creative arts, politics, economics, math, philosophy—to produce laymen who can "challenge the specialist for the public good." Her aim is to put "some nobility, some unselfishness of aspiration into the lives of these young people whom knowledge has given such great power."



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SCHOOLS

Fat, Fifty & Still Fertile

Most U.S. journalism schools suffer from mild inferiority complexes, because both editors and intellectuals tend to regard them as trade schools. But there are exceptions. Most notable among them is Columbia's Graduate School of Journalism, which has only to survey the communications field whenever its self-confidence needs bolstering. Last week, at the start of a month-long celebration of its 50th anniversary, Columbia could—and did—note that among its 2,700 living alumni are 132 newspaper publishers and editors, 46 magazine editors, a score of journalism school deans, ten Pulitzer prizewinners and a raft of New York Timesmen (78 at last count). To celebrate, Columbia lured three big-name journalists to the campus for Doctorates of Humane Letters: Alumnus Herbert Brucker ('24), Hartford Courant editor, newest president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors; Atlanta Constitution Editor Ralph McGill; and New York Times Washington Bureau Chief James Reston.

The Yellow Kid. The idea for the school goes back to 1892 and New York World Publisher Joseph Pulitzer, who helped usher in a new era of U.S. journalism, replete with screaming headlines and a cartoon character called the Yellow Kid who gave the era its name. But Pulitzer dreamed of higher things and a college that would help achieve them. "It will be the object of the college to make better journalists, who will make better newspapers, which will better serve the public." Harvard was approached, but its faculty considered journalism on a par with lathe turning. Columbia finally got the nod, along with some \$2,000,000 that became available after Pulitzer's death in 1911. The next year, the first class of 77 men and women entered the school—and almost immediately threatened to quit.

The school's first director, Talcott Williams, son of a Congregationalist missionary, was a stern taskmaster and a finger-wagging moralist who admonished his girl students not to go around arousing the boys. Williams so burdened his class with assignments that two of its members—Morrie Ryskind, whose lyrics for 1932's *Of Thee I Sing* won him a Pulitzer Prize,

and the late Hearst Columnist George Sokolsky—went on a brief strike.

Under Carl W. Ackerman, a member of the first graduating class ('13) and a veteran foreign correspondent who returned in 1931 to serve as dean for a quarter-century, the Journalism School won graduate status in 1935. Ever since, it has insisted that candidates for its M.S. degree first get a solid undergraduate grounding in the liberal arts and sciences before turning to journalism. Thus, Columbia has escaped a criticism that is leveled—with some validity—against undergraduate-level journalism schools. Rather than study journalism, Washington Post Vice President and Managing Editor Alfred Friendly once said, "a boy would be better off reading Carlyle or studying the pigmentation of hutterly wings."

Indefatigable Horn Tooter. Though it is now so and fat—at least in terms of its \$1,588,100 endowment and a scholarship program capable of aiding 60 of its 100 students each year—Columbia is still fertile. Dean Edward W. Barrett, who was editorial director of *Newsweek* and Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs under Harry Truman before his appointment in 1956, has been an indefatigable fund raiser for new projects and horn tooter for old ones. Among the latter: the annual Pulitzer Prize awards, established with a \$500,000 bequest from Joe Pulitzer.

A breezy, gregarious man of 52, Barrett has coaxed \$300,000 out of the Ford Foundation for an advanced international reporting program, \$370,000 out of the Sloan and Rockefeller foundations for

a science-writing course. Last year the school started publishing the *Columbia Journalism Review*, a 7,000-circulation quarterly of criticism. Now under way is a \$1,500,000 drive for a National Journalism Library and still more fellowships.

To some of its critics, the trouble with the Journalism School is that it remains little more than a hiring hall—but the complaint smacks faintly of resentment. A more cogent criticism is that it has never quite filled Joseph Pulitzer's tall order. "Journalism," he said, "is or ought to be one of the great and intellectual professions." If it is not, Columbia cannot be faulted for not trying.

NEWSPAPERS

Down & Out in Paris

Up until World War II, the newspapers of Paris showed little interest in whether their stories were dug up or made up. These days, most of the papers honestly attempt to serve up fact instead of fantasy, and they are much better for the effort. But the irony of the situation is that despite their new sense of responsibility, the Paris papers are in serious trouble.

In the past year, only four of the 14 general Paris dailies have increased their circulations significantly, while most of the others lost thousands of readers. With costs continually rising, Parisian publishers are thinking of jacking prices up to 30 centimes (6¢), even though the 5-centime boost would probably send sales tumbling even farther.

Party-Line Bore. One reason for the trend is an oversupply of papers. New York has trouble supporting seven general dailies—and Paris has twice that number with little more than half the population. Publishers can point out several other causes. Parisians who move to the suburbs and buy cars for commuting no longer pick up a paper to read on the Metro. Since the war the provincial press has boomed. And such party-lining metropolitan papers as the Communist *L'Humanité*, and *La Nation*, organ of Charles de Gaulle's U.N.R. Party, have become bores. Most damaging of all has been the spurt in radio and television news coverage. In the last decade the number of French television sets has grown 60-fold to 3,600,000.

The two biggest papers in France



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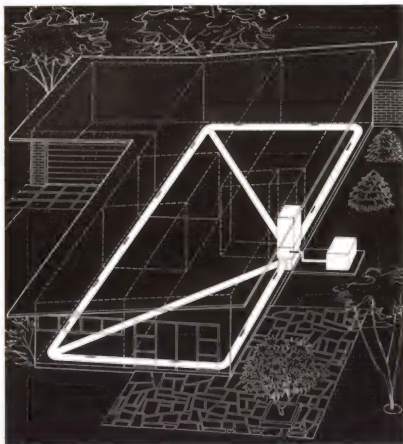


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have been hit particularly hard. Paris-press circles still buzz with rumors that the proud masthead slogan of first-ranked France Soir—"The Only French Daily Selling Over 1,000,000"—may not always be true. The city's second biggest daily, Le Parisien Libéré, has cut back its press run some 5%, France-Soir's sister publication, Paris-Presse, has lost 2% of its circulation, and last month dropped 30 of its 40 editorial staffers.

The few dailies that have succeeded in bucking the general decline offer lessons that the rest of Paris papers are studying with interest. La Croix, a Catholic paper with 117,000 circulation, jumped sharply because of its coverage of the Ecumenical Council. While third-ranked Le Figaro held its own at 400,000 with its sober, comprehensive reporting, fourth-ranked L'Aurore trained its sights on a specific audience—the returnees from Algeria—and managed to boost circulation to 300,110. At Le Monde (101,017), austere Editor Hubert Beuve-Méry, 61, immerses his readers in a sea of small type without so much as a single photograph to cling to. But he has also made his paper must reading by virtue of penetrating, if plodding, political reportage. The greatest success story has been scored by a fresh, energetic morning tabloid called Paris-Jour, which sells 85,000 copies by heeding the dictum of Owner Cino del Duca: "Don't preach down to people."

Charlie Did It. Alarmed that TV and specialized journals will eventually squeeze out several of the already struggling general dailies, publishers are nervously taking stock. "TV being essentially a spectacle," says France-Soir President Robert Salmon, "the press should become more and more explanatory, not only giving the news but explaining it." France-Soir's diminutive (15 ft. 2 in.) Editor Pierre Lazareff, 55, has set up a study group to chart new ways to lure back readers, is planning to bring out a remodeled paper soon with the same appearance but a greater depth and variety of coverage and a new tone which will be *outrageant*. Parisien Libéré is experimenting with special suburban editions to combat burgeoning local dailies. To reduce the temptation of payola for Paris reporters (average salary: \$100 a month), the publishers have approved pay increases up to 20%.

But Leftist Editor Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, whose weekly L'Express has been having its own circulation troubles since the end of the Algerian war deprived it of its major issue, doubts that any of these measures will halt the downturn. The problem, says he, is neither TV nor slanted reporting, nor a glut of papers, but the fact that Charles de Gaulle has hobbled political parties. "Gaulist France is not interested in national affairs," said Servan-Schreiber, a longtime anti-Gaulist, who might have a telling point here. "People know that De Gaulle makes his own decisions, and no one else in the country has anything to say about them. There is no debate. There is no need to get the news."



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New Products for Summer

► For those who would rather sink than swim, Frankfurt Engineer Hanns Trippel has produced a one-man submarine which was the hit of the recent West Berlin International Boat Show. Made of a glass-silk polyester, the U-24 weighs only 485 lbs., and its four six-volt batteries drive it at about five knots on the surface, slightly faster under water. The U-24 can dive as deep as 98 ft., is equipped with an oxygen supply and an air-washing system that allows submersion for eight hours at a time. Dealer Erich Mylius of Hamburg reports more than 500 orders from the boat show alone, most of them from the U.S., and hopes to be turning out 1,500 a month by September. Price: \$1,425.

► For those who would rather hover than sink: a flying machine that never gets more than 9 in. off the ground. The Dobson Air Dart is a 95-lb. wheel-less bug, 8 ft. long and 5 ft. wide, with a kayak-style cockpit and a 10-hp. engine that drives a fan in the bug's nose. The fan supports the vehicle on a column of air by the same principle as the larger air-supported vehicles under development for military and commercial transportation. Designed strictly for fun, the Dart can whoosh 300 lbs. of people about 30 m.p.h. over flat land or smooth water. Price: \$595 assembled; about \$400 as a kit.

► For smokers who want to avoid flame-out: a hurricane-proof cigarette lighter that needs no flint or fuel. Powered by a nickel-cadmium battery that never needs replacement, the Gulton lighter uses a glowing filament like a dashboard lighter. It can be recharged (about three packs' worth) by plugging it into any AC wall outlet. Price: \$14.95.

► For picnickers who forget beer openers: a self-opening beer can, developed by Alcoa, and now marketed in limited areas. Raise one end of a metal tab in the top of the can and *POP!* suds all over.

► For fishermen, and fishermen's wives: dehydrated bait that can be kept indefinitely without refrigeration or stench.



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► For scuba-ho underwater photographers: a new all-weather camera, Nikon's Nikonus. Drop it overboard, drag it through sand and mud, leave it out in rain and spray, or shoot the wonders of the deep as far as 164 ft. down without an extra housing. Taking 35-mm. film and with an f2.5 Nikkor lens, the Nikonus will sell for approximately \$160.

LEISURE

Compact Golf

In the wake of the golfing boom—now the biggest in the history of the sport—is a burgeoning, popular, profitable boomlet: compact golf.

Compact golf is several things. It is "pitch-and-putt," where the average hole is 50 yds.; "par-three" (also called "par-thirty" and "executive"), in which the average hole is 150 yds., with several par-four holes; and putting courses, also known as miniature golf.

Golfing in the Dark. The fastest-growing form is par-three golf. Six years ago, there were only some 100 courses in the

U.S.; today there are about 575, with new ones being added at the rate of 100 a year. The reasons for their popularity are not hard to find. Country clubs are expensive and crowded; municipal courses are jammed. Says Assistant Director Roy Holland of the National Golf Foundation: "Standard 18-hole courses are so crowded these days that it takes about five hours to go out and play a round of golf. You can play a nine-hole par-three course in an hour and a quarter. Housewives can rush over to a par-three after they send their kids to school and be back by noon-time to feed them. They're great, too, for giving instruction. For beginners and older people. And they offer a tremendous amount of variety—a player can use every club in his bag."

Another factor in favor of compact courses is the skyrocketing cost of real estate. An 18-hole standard course takes 125-175 acres, but 18-hole par-three takes only 40 because of its smaller tees and greens and shortened fairways. This also enables compact courses to be built much closer to cities: some 200 of them are equipped with mercury-vapor lamps and are thronged far into the night.

Holes in One. Miniature golf, idiot's delight of the Depression years, is also coming back strong. In the 1930s, Tom Thumb courses sprouted in everybody's



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vacant lot, set up for about \$30 in cash, some scrap lumber and a can of paint. Today they tend to be elaborate and mass-produced, leased on a franchise basis.

One major mass-producer is Don Clayton, 37, of Fayetteville, N.C. An insurance mortgage broker nine years ago, he built his first course during an ulcer-enforced vacation, added a second within weeks, and took in around \$13,000 during his first year of business. Clayton's Putt-Putt Golf Courses Inc. has more than 350 courses going in 36 states (plus Panama, Japan, Okinawa and Canada), and he expects to add 45 more this year. Cost per course is from \$6,500 to \$44,000, plus the standard \$200 franchise fee and a straight 3% of the gross. His gross last year: \$6,000,000.

Miniature golf is especially popular with teen-agers, but many regular golfers are addicts. Clayton is planning a \$100,000 National Open Tournament for putters in 1965. "It isn't a fad," explained a Putt-Putt executive last week. "We avoid putting in new traps and other gimmicks. What we're doing is building a golf course on which a golfer can score a hole in one on every hole."

FADS

Spreading the Bad Word

"KICK A PUPPY TODAY."

"Litter," "Pray for War," "Stamp Out Whooping Cranes" and 27 more protests against Constituted Authority and dogooding readers-digestism. Set of 31 stickers superb for defacing monuments, peace marchers, bad folk singers, mail, Little Leaguers.

This classified ad tucked away in Manhattan's weekly Village Voice (circulation: 25,000) is the secret source of an epidemic of sick stickers now appearing in public and private places all the way from San Francisco to St. Thomas. And behind the ad is the private crusade of a gentle-faced, disheveled Greenwich Villager named Charlie Hollis, 37, who writes advertising copy and spends his nights as a Brooklyn College sophomore when he isn't trying to darken the corner where he is.

"It all started last Christmas," he says. "I had heard *Silent Night* thousands of times, and all that happiness made me nauseous. I couldn't stand the avalanche of goodness." Instead of just being sick, Hollis had his thoughts-for-the-day printed up as stickers and advertised them. He got 93 orders. Since then his ads, every other week, have sold about 2,000 sets of sick stickers, with orders coming in from as far away as Brazil.

Last week Hollis branched out with a new line: "protest-dappled" sweat-shirts at \$3.25 and T shirts at \$1.80. Snowy white, with gay blue lettering, they will enable the small, medium and large to become walking billboards of misanthropy. BLIGHT A NEIGHBORHOOD. OVERLOAD YOUR WIRING. UNDERPRIVILEGE A CHILD THIS WEEK. LOATHE THE NEIGHBOR. MAKE THE ONE FOR THE ROAD WEISKEY.



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THE THEATER

Poor Percy

Rattle of a Simple Man, by Charles Dyer. Percy is a Manchester clerk who has been almost immunized against sex by devotion to "moovies," to darts with the "jolly lads," to everlasting "wurrik," and most of all to "Mum." But a beery night's fling in London puts him within communicable range of the dread disease. Cyrenne is a nightclub tart with eyes as impersonal as jelly beans, and a tendency to strip to a small black egg-cup bra in the twinkling of a false eyelash. The question of the evening: Will the parochial bumpkin, who admits to being 35 and is really 42, lose his virginity to the big-city floozy?

Theatrically, the situation seems almost as old as the profession. Dramatically, the problem of the prostitute with a heart of gold is not so much that she is a cliché as that she cannot play her trade. Action is busily evaded in stage business, and the talk drifts into the confessional memoirs of two strangers who have unaccountably shot past the handshaking stage. Ultimately, the strain of staying out of bed becomes more intense than the pleasure of getting into it. Thus the play is incessantly torn between farce and pathos, and each of the two key players marks out one of these modes and acts in it with splendid isolation.

Tammy Grimes's Cyrenne is a perkily perfect *farceuse*, a bedroom imp continually assuming antic positions with dry-witted composure. Edward Woodward's Percy is a plebeian prince of pathos. Under his toothbrush mustache lurks a toothy nervous tic of a grin with which he commits endless facial suicides of self-doubt. He is as simple as the wooden rattle (a soccer-game noisemaker) that he carries in his hand. A mere kiss from Cyrenne makes him act like a porpoise with convulsions.

Poor Percy is the emotional fulcrum of the play, and probably says more to an English than to an American playgoer. Britain's Dyer is not an angry playwright, but he shares the current British theatrical fervor for discovering the lower classes. This social ferment is a quarter of a century out of phase with the U.S. experience of the Depression that animated the old Group Theater's concept of the hero as ultra common man. The sad truth is that the Percys of the world are the small beer of the drama and in two hours they get awfully flat.

Poor Judy

Hot Spot sends Judy Holliday to D'hum, pronounced doom. D'hum is a semi-Tibetan, semitropical country populated in its whimsical, multitudinal way mostly by yaks and native girls in hula skirts. It may have seemed dull to cast Judy Holliday as a Peace Corps clown, a lady Jonah anxious to do good out where the East begins, but this musical is as funny as a tumble.



WOODWARD & GRIMES IN "SIMPLE MAN"
The strain of staying out of bed.

When Judy isn't scaring up a bogus Red-underground menace to get her man, the handsome Ugly American consul (Joseph Campanella), she drones through some tuneless tunes decomposed by Richard Rodgers' daughter Mary. The hula mob masses occasionally for dance gymnastics, the kind that gives playgoers clusterphobia.

The one redeeming comic episode of the show is the muscular seduction of a D'humian intellectual by a girl called Sue Ann Rockefeller (Mary Louise Wilson), whose clinch in the clinch is, "Shim, you have a friend at Chase Manhattan." As the corn-pone Congressman says, "You fellahs should have known what was going to happen when you sent overdeveloped girls into underdeveloped countries." D'ho-D'hum.



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SCIENCE

NUCLEAR PHYSICS

Not As a Stranger

Back in the 1930s when the nuclear era began, the building blocks of matter seemed simple enough. There were neutrons and protons nestled in the nucleus of the atom, electrons spinning around it, and photons to carry electromagnetic radiation. That seemed to be it. Then, after the big bomb-building breakthrough and the construction of billion-electron



PHYSICIST HAROLD TICHIO
Eta, rho and finally phi.

volt accelerators, scientists discovered a chaotic array of new particles. Some were so short-lived that their age was measured in less than a billionth of a second, their very existence inferred from the erratic tracks they left in bubble and cloud chambers. Some left no tracks at all. The list proliferated to the sound of Greek letters—eta, rho, omega, lambda, sigma, xi—until it seemed that the alphabet might run out.

Even the vocabulary of physics changed. Vague terms such as "strangeness" cropped up to describe mathematically the way these new unstable particles differ from the old familiar ones. Some of the new particles were called "resonances," a term that describes familiar particles temporarily bound together. "There was a sense of uneasiness," says Czech-born California Physicist Harold Ticho. "We were turning up a mess of disconnected beasts which seemed to have no relation to any theory of nature."

Among the first attempts to make order out of this chaos was Caltech Physicist Murray Gell-Mann's theory, "The Eight-Fold Way." Gell-Mann lumped the known resonances together in orderly octets; their snowflake-like symmetries left slots for particles that were still unknown. But one octet seemed out of kilter. Unless, predicted Gell-Mann, a particle designated the phi-meson was found.

A hint of the phi-meson came from

Brookhaven-Syracuse University study last summer in Geneva. Last week experimental teams on opposite coasts of the U.S. confirmed its existence. They used two of the world's largest atom smashers, Brookhaven's Synchrotron and Berkeley's Bevatron, to fire negatively charged K mesons into a hydrogen bubble chamber. After the mesons collided with hydrogen nuclei, the scientists found two K mesons that were the decay products of an even more ephemeral particle. It has a life span of just $2/10,000$ th of a billionth of a billionth of a second—or just long enough to travel a few widths of an atomic nucleus at the speed of light. But its discovery carries the curious and unpredictable importance of all successful basic research. Now there is a little less strangeness in the whirligig, subatomic world.

METEOROLOGY

Tiros v. Locusts

In other councils, Israelis and Egyptians would hesitate to even sit at the same table. In the rambling building overlooking London's Hyde Park, they converse with a frank respect for each other's opinions. There, for a change, they have joined forces to fight a common enemy: the desert locust. In the conference rooms of Britain's Anti-locust Research Center, which works with the United Nations, entomologists and agricultural scientists from 20 nations in Asia, Africa and the Middle East gather to mount a defense against the ugly-winged brutes known as *Schistocerca gregaria*.

Until a few years ago, practically nothing could be done about a locust invasion. As the big insects migrated in swarms that darkened the sky, tree limbs cracked under their weight; with their voracious appetites, they consumed growing crops that would have fed millions. But Dr. Reginald Rainey and his colleagues of the Anti-locust Research Center have discovered that the movements of man's ancient enemy have an intimate connection with meteorology. Locusts need rain, and the desert vegetation that rain encourages, before they can breed into black swarms. When the desert bursts into sudden bloom, the locust hordes multiply swiftly. And when they have devoured the thin vegetation, they migrate downwind to bring devastation to the nearest green land.

The London center gathers its reports on locusts and weather from every available source. Meteorologists and entomologists constantly check their maps to decide whether a sighted swarm is likely to prove dangerous. Trouble is that few of the 300 weather stations spread from Spain to India are in the uninhabited desert, where locusts get their start. Until recently, it was often impossible to predict the behavior of a swarm that had been spotted in one of those empty places.

But today's locust fighters have a new and glamorous aid. U.S. Tiros weather

satellites have proved to be reliable anti-locust spies. To cryptic reports from wandering Bedouins, Tiros has added observations made while circling on its high orbit. Its cloud pictures predict locust-bearing winds, and prompt warnings can be drafted. Thanks to U.S. spacemen, African locust invasions no longer come as unpleasant surprises. Threatened countries can now count on time enough to organize a chemical counterattack.

AGRONOMY

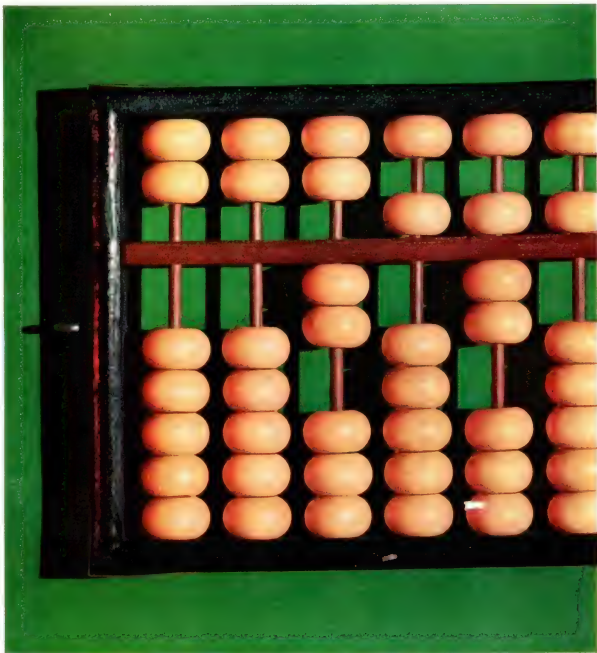
Goosing the Cotton

After the great mechanical mulchers have completed their clattering passage; after the green seedlings have sprouted above black ribbons of polyethylene plastic (TIME, April 19) and the chemical spray guns have finished their hissing attack on bug and weed, the most modern cotton fields in the U.S. are likely to resemble an unexpected and old-fashioned racket. Day after day, nearly a million geese honk their way across the carefully tended farmland. In a time of rising costs and declining markets, cotton growers are showing an expanding enthusiasm for an antiquated agricultural technique known as "cotton goosing."

Geese can be bought for \$3 apiece, or rented for as little as \$1.50 a season, and their ravenous appetites make them more than a match for marauding Johnson grass—a hardy weed that sprouts between the cotton rows again and again, despite the heaviest doses of weed killer. A brace of the waddling birds can keep an acre of cotton weeded; a gaggle of twelve geese can gobble as much as a hard-working man can clear with a hoe. Cotton-goosing farmers save \$20 per acre compared with the stiffer cost of chemical weeding. The only drawback to the system is that the geese, grown fat from their weed-gorging, occasionally trample down the young cotton. But after their chores are done, and the cotton is safely off to the gin, the geese themselves can always be peddled to help pay for the loss.



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MEDICINE

HEMATOLOGY

What Stopped the Bleeding?

Short weeks before, the skinny, crew-cut teen-ager seemed beyond medical help. Fred Wallace was literally bleeding to death. And the doctors at Baylor University Medical Center seemed powerless to help. They gave heroic round-the-clock care, a record number of transfusions (932 pints of blood and plasma), and still Fred's life dripped steadily away. Then, suddenly, he got better. As he hobbled out of the hospital on his crutches last week and headed for his home in Muskogee, Okla., a team of dedicated physicians and surgeons was still wondering how an ordinary case of hemophilia had degenerated into a medical nightmare; the doctors were also trying to decide just which one of their desperate efforts had actually saved their patient.

Purple Danger. Fred Wallace had been a bleeder since birth. The absence of AHG (antihemophilic globulin) from his blood taught him early to live with danger. Every childhood spill, every bloody nose, was agonizingly slow to heal. The scrapes and scuff marks of a growing boy remained for weeks as ugly, purple discolorations under the skin. But Fred, like most hemophiliacs, survived all such crises. Then the disease caused other problems. Last spring, on a Sunday outing, Fred and his father had walked away from their parked car so that Fred might snap a picture. Inexplicably, the car started rolling downhill toward the boy. His father lunged to shove him clear. Fred was unharmed, but his father was killed.

A few months later Fred was in Baylor Hospital with much more routine trouble:

bleeding inside his knees. The familiar hemophilic difficulty had caused the joints to swell and stiffen; surgeons had to cut them open to clean them out. Transfusions helped Fred to recover, and, just as it does with most bleeders, the temporary supply of AHG in the transfused blood did the necessary clotting.

By fall, though, the surgical wounds had broken open and become infected. Still brooding about his father's death, Fred went back to the hospital, where his condition steadily deteriorated. After consulting with Hematologist Joseph M. Hill, Baylor surgeons decided to fight the infection with antibiotics and to reopen Fred's leg wounds to clean them out. Dr. Hill, who is also director of the Wadley Research Institute and Blood Bank in Dallas, promised to supply all the necessary blood and plasma for transfusion.

It was no easy promise to fulfill. Fred got progressively sicker. The blood bank drained its supplies, sometimes at the rate of 22 pints a day. "As we began to use up our reserves," says Dr. Hill, "we had to turn to other sources. We borrowed blood, we bought it, finally we made a public plea for donors." Volunteers turned up by the score. Prison inmates from Texas and Oklahoma bled freely for the sick boy. So did G.I.'s from nearby military camps. Home in Muskogee, the high school student council raised \$5,000; with churches, civic clubs, even a barnstorming pro basketball team pitching in. And still Fred's condition deteriorated.

Death Wish. Dr. Hill and the Baylor doctors tried everything they could think of. Researchers at Wadley had read of Swedish work with a concentration of AHG known as the Blomback Fraction. They studied the report again and prepared their own fraction—125 cc. from eight pints of blood. Fred got 35 such doses, but at first even those seemed futile. "The boy kept bleeding and bleeding," said one of his doctors. Remembering how close Fred had been to his father, the doctor decided that his patient might actually be harboring a death wish. "Bleeding can be tied in with the emotions," says the doctor. And how else to explain why someone who understood his condition as well as Fred did would spend his time in the hospital picking at his nose until he had dug a hole all the way through his septum?

A psychiatrist was called in, and Fred was even put under hypnosis. But eventually he went into convulsions. "We worked all night," one of the doctors remembers. "We gave him transfusions one right after another. So many transfusions washed out the body's calcium balance, and we gave him injections of calcium. We gave him standard treatment for shock all night." Suddenly Fred started to recover. And as consciousness returned, his first words were: "If Dad had been here, this wouldn't have happened."

At home, Fred now gets two units of

plasma a day. But as he continues to improve, that dose will be lowered. The doctors at Baylor plan to keep close watch over him, but now they are much more concerned with trying to figure out what saved him—the massive transfusions, the great quantities of Blomback Fraction, or the brief dose of psychiatry. Whatever the vital treatment was, says Dr. Hill, "the first and most important thing we learned in this case is that no hemophilia is ever hopeless."



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ORTHOPEDICS

Help for Thalidomide Victims

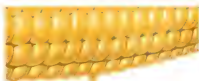
It was a grim harvest for West Germany: 3,000 babies dead shortly after birth and another 3,000 with grotesque malformations, because their mothers had taken the sleeping-pill tranquilizer thalidomide during early pregnancy. What was to become of the little victims? With legs and arms deformed or missing, some of the babies promised to be lifelong basket cases. All seemed unequipped to face their uncertain future.

Many of the parents, particularly young couples whose deformed child was their first, did not even want to accept their babies. Others, who had larger families, argued that to keep their thalidomide child at home would be too great a strain on their other children. A few even went so far as to say that distribution of the drug had been the government's fault; therefore it was also the government's responsibility to provide for the children. Then, last year, Dr. Gustav Hauberg, an energetic orthopedist from the state of Lower Saxony, produced a comprehensive plan for taking care of thalidomide babies. Today that plan is a working reality, and throughout Germany, despair for the thalidomide victims has given way to understanding and hope.

No Lepers. An experienced medical administrator, Dr. Hauberg swiftly disposed of mountains of tangled red tape as he converted a former male TB ward at the outskirts of Hanover into Abteilung 10—



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Dysmelien.⁶ There, he has been working with some of the worst thalidomide cases in Lower Saxony. Results are so gratifying that similar wards are already being started elsewhere in Germany.

Abteilung 10 was founded on the principle that deformed babies should not spend their lives in institutions. Collecting the children in "Thalidomide Towns," a frequently heard proposal, has also been rejected. "Such a town," says Dr. Hauberg, "would be like a leper colony. Seclusion of deformed victims could not help appearing to them as expulsion from society. Psychologically it would be extremely dangerous."

Dr. Hauberg and his colleagues also reject the theory that it is best not to fit children with artificial limbs until after the period of their most rapid growth is over. "Our little patient," says Dr. Hauberg, "grows up with his prosthesis, so that he feels as if it were a part of him." On the other hand, operations to remove seemingly functionless protrusions of tissue are avoided as long as possible, since most contain muscles that may be invaluable in manipulating artificial limbs.

At first, the infants are strapped to specially molded plaster stools on which they learn the sensation of sitting upright. Then, after being fitted with their first artificial limb, the children learn that a small movement of a muscle can trigger the hook fingers of an artificial arm. They learn how to use a prosthesis to reach rattles that hang on their beds. Gradually, dexterity improves until they are able to pick up objects and pull themselves up in their cribs. Even those with deformed feet are taught to walk.

Guilt & Anxiety. Set up to treat 166 serious cases, Abteilung 10 admits the children in batches of 30. Each child lives in the clinic for periods of two to three months. During the last two weeks of treatment, the mother also becomes a resident of the clinic, wearing the same style blue coat that is worn by the 30 specialized nurses and therapists. The children learn to identify their mothers in the same category as the clinic staff, and the parent provides what Dr. Hauberg calls "nest warmth." She becomes an object of treatment herself, sitting in on group psychotherapy sessions to talk over her guilt and anxieties with other mothers.

Because the thalidomide babies have above average intelligence, Dr. Hauberg and his colleagues are already theorizing about "some mysterious process of natural compensation." Parents, too, are invariably impressed by the progress of their children. Last week one mother watched proudly as her two-year-old son Kurt, who has only tiny arm stumps and whose feet are attached to his buttocks, reached for a ball with his new, artificial arm. "He's never done this before," she marveled. In another room, a four-year-old boy earnestly practiced opening and closing belt buckles. "At first we thought everything was hopeless," said his mother. "Now we see what progress can be made."

© Ward 10—Deformed Limbs.

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Hell breaks loose in Paradise

In Paradise, California, high school teacher Virginia Franklin believes that her social studies students should be exposed to divergent points of view, ranging from the liberal to the extreme right.

Her teaching abilities won Mrs. Franklin an award from the respected Freedoms Foundation. But her teaching methods caused hell to break loose in Paradise.

This week, in an 11-page photo essay, LIFE tells the story of Virginia Franklin versus the Paradise right wing. It's the shocking story of an issue that split a town; of an 18-year-old student who brought his tape recorder to class to get evidence against Mrs. Franklin; of a woman who gave Paradise children Halloween candy wrapped in notes attacking the teacher as subversive; of efforts by ultraconservatives to oust her by realigning the school board.



Teacher's freedom in California; tax cuts in Congress; turmoil over Cuba: each week, LIFE reports on the ideas and ideals which influence the world we live in. This kind of reporting has a magnetic attraction for people who care. People you like to talk to read LIFE.

ART



VICTOR HUGO'S "RECLINING NUDE"

Too good to be tossed off or tossed away.

He Also Wrote Novels

Victor Hugo's pen was never still, and not necessarily because he was writing a novel or a poem. He could be holding forth at a café, and however brilliantly or passionately he talked, his pen would begin doodling as if it had a brain of its own. "How many times," said his friend, Novelist Théophile Gautier, "have we not watched with astonished gaze the transformation of a blot of ink or coffee on the back of an envelope into a landscape, a castle, a seascape of amazing originality."

Had he not been the literary giant that he was, Hugo might now occupy a fairly conspicuous place in the history of 19th century French romantic art. But his most avid readers are usually unaware of his 450 drawings and watercolors, and even such biographers as André Maurois and Matthew Josephson scarcely mention this appealing side. Hugo's writings, his quarrel with Napoleon III, and his prodigious sex life have overshadowed his art. Yet last week, as the consequence of a show put up in his old Paris home (now a state museum) to mark the 100th anniversary of the publication of *Les Misérables*, Parisians were belatedly discovering Hugo as an artist. And to many, his paintings and drawings seemed fresher than the chapters on chapters on chapters of that novel.

"Between Verses." According to Jean Sergeant, director of the Victor Hugo House, the great man himself was partly to blame for his neglect as an artist. Being at the top of French letters, he could not bear to be of lesser rank in any other field, and so he gave the impression that his art was a mere bagatelle to occupy his spare time. The drawings, he said, were "pen scratchings" that he turned out "between verses, during moments of reverie, and almost unconsciously with what ink remained in my pen."

Yet the drawings are often too large and too well worked out to be tossed off

in such a manner. Hugo signed them in big bold letters, parted with them only as gifts to cherished friends. Far from being casual, says Sergeant, Hugo was merely being coy to avoid serious criticism.

Coffee to Brew a Storm. It is probably only legend that he used chocolate, milk, and soot in his work; but he did use coffee to portray a brewing storm, deliberately broke pen points to achieve a wider line, pecked his paintings with a knife or dirtied them with fingers to give the impression of mist. He could paint or draw a female nude with bold and simple strokes; he could also produce magnificent colored swells or fascinating gloops that would seem at home in many modern galleries. In his drawing of a hanged man, inspired partly by the execution of John Brown, he was a master of shadow and light. But for the most part, his work was a superb combination: loyalty to detail—and a novelist's runaway imagination.

The Extreme Environment

He lives in London and goes home only for visits, but Sidney Nolan, 46, remains as Australian as the emu or the lyrebird. In his country's bustling art world, he has the widest range and the most lyrical touch. "The common denominator of all of us Australian painters," he says, "is a concern with the figure in a landscape. It seems a peculiarly Australian trait, and I think it gives a poignancy to all our work."

Next week Nolan's latest paintings go on display at the Marlborough Gallery in London, where Nolan has had one triumph after another. The U.S. will get a chance to know him in the next twelve weeks, when London's Royal Ballet tours the country with *The Rite of Spring*, for which he designed the sets.

Close to Melville. Nolan describes the framework of his art as "deep space" or "man in an extreme environment." He could just as well be defining the history of Australia itself. Like the U.S. Wild West, Australia's vast mid-continental frontier has been a breeder of legends. And

always the theme is man against terrifying odds. It may be drought, heat or the devastating loneliness of an outback town; the protagonist may be a gold digger, convict, explorer or the legendary Aussie bandit, Ned Kelly, defying a continent in his own way.

"I sometimes feel closer to Herman Melville than to anyone else," Nolan says. "As in *Moby Dick*, he and I are juggling the same ingredients: the single protagonist, the mysterious adversary, the all-powerful elements." Nolan regards these themes as obsessions, and he is glad to be obsessed. Every artist is bombarded by a chaos of images and clues about what to paint; the obsessions are "in a sense a net to trap these clues."

The Nolan Nylon. Nolan's subject matter may be rugged, but his paintings almost always turn out to have an unusual delicacy—the happy result of a technique that Nolan developed by using his wife's discarded nylons. "It is a process of putting on layers of color and then burnishing them off with the stocking until I get the translucent quality I want."

Nolan's *Young Monkey* was inspired by a recent trip to Africa, but "in painting Africa I am certainly not ditching Australia. There are the same unfolding perspectives, vista upon vista. What I've done is to put the animal instead of the human in the landscape. The monkey seems, like Ned Kelly, to be a creature who has come out of the bush." In *Explorer, Rocky Landscape*, the protagonist looks as if he were attached, centaurlike, to his camel, as if the two were "united for survival." A century ago, explorers and traders introduced camels to Australia, and a few wild ones can still be seen, bringing to the continent "an archaic, Biblical feeling." It is the man's nakedness that fills the painting with a feeling of doom. In mid-Australia, stripping off clothes is legendarily the last crazed, anti-natic act of a man dying for lack of water in a wasteland—an act the Aussies laconically call "doing a thirst."



AUSTRALIA'S NOLAN
The odds are terrifying.

SIDNEY NOLAN:
PAINTER FROM
DOWN UNDER

"YOUNG MONKEY" is example of Nolan's fascination with beasts, birds and ancient tenants of rugged lands still thinly inhabited by man.



"EXPLORER, ROCKY LANDSCAPE" WAS INSPIRED BY LORE OF AUSTRALIA'S PIONEERS.





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This steel tower is one-third of a mile high

SOME OTHER TALL STRUCTURES:

TV Tower at Cape Girardeau, Mo.	1,676 ft
Empire State Building, New York	1,472 ft
Chrysler Building, New York	1,046 ft
Eiffel Tower, Paris, France	984 ft

This steel tower, owned and used jointly by WPBL-TV and WTVM, televises over a 25,434 square mile area in western Georgia and eastern Alabama.

*Engineering: E. J. ...
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Soaring 1,749 ft into the clouds over Columbus, Georgia, this steel tower is the tallest structure ever built by man.

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RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

The Visit

A black Mercedes-Benz sedan belonging to Austria's legation in Hungary sped from Vienna to Budapest one morning last week and pulled up in front of the U.S. legation. Inside the building, Vienna's Franziskus Cardinal König went to the room occupied since 1956 by Josef Cardinal Mindszenty. For four hours, the two clerics talked about Pope John's wish that the Hungarian primate leave the country and go to Rome as part of John's new "active neutrality" in the cold war (TIME, April 12).

König returned alone to Vienna that evening; his mission was at least partly successful. It was announced that he would cross the border again "within the foreseeable future" to see the Most Rev. Endre Hamvas, Bishop of Csanad and acting leader of the Hungarian church. Communist sources let it be known that they expected the Mindszenty "problem" to be cleared up within two months. But Mindszenty apparently laid down some stiff conditions before he would agree to leave. Among them: that a suitable successor be found for the primacy, that the government permit the Vatican to consecrate bishops for four vacant sees, that Hungary's party-lining association of "peace priests" be abolished.

SECTS

"We Love All Religions"

According to the 19-month calendar followed by the worldwide religion known as Bahai, the first day of this week was the 13th of Jalal, in the year 120. It was a red-letter day in the lives of Bahai's 2,000,000 followers. In Haifa, Israel, 504 leaders of the sect gathered to elect by secret ballot nine of their members who will form a Universal House of Justice. After the results are announced to the first world congress of Bahai in London next week, the House will have infallible powers to legislate for the faithful.

The House has plenty of sacred scripture to guide its decisions. Each of Bahai's chief prophets, the 19th century Islamic heretics known as Bab and Baha'u'llah, wrote his own five-foot shelf of divine revelations. In addition, Bahai (Persian for "follower of Baha'u'llah") broadly welcomes the wisdom of all the great religious teachers, from Moses to Christ to Mohammed to Buddha. "We love all religions," says Canadian-born Ruhiyih Rabbani, widow of Baha'u'llah's great-grandson.

Progressive Revelation. The basic tenet of Bahai is progressive revelation: just as God once spoke to the world through Jesus and Mohammed, so he revealed himself to modern man through Bab and Baha'u'llah, whose teachings surpass those of older prophets. Bahai believers, who have no ministry, read impartially from the Koran, the Bible and the Bhagavad-Gita at their

simple worship services. "Bahai expounds the truth," explains Mrs. Rabbani, "and no religion has a monopoly on the truth."

Bahai began in 1844 when a young Persian merchant boldly announced that he was the Bab (Gate), the divinely inspired spokesman long awaited by Shiite Moslems.⁹ Bab was arrested and shot by the Persian government in 1850, largely because his fanatical followers were plotting to overthrow the Shah and replace him with a theocracy. Bab left the leadership of his sect to a 19-year-old follower whose authority was eventually usurped by his elder half-brother. The brother took the name Baha'u'llah (Glory of God), excommunicated or had murdered the minority of Babis who opposed him, poured



BAHAI TEMPLE IN WILMETTE, ILL.
From Moses to Jesus to Bab.

out his direct revelations from God in long open letters to such world figures as the Pope and Queen Victoria. They did not answer. Baha'u'llah's teachings changed considerably over the years, and at first many of them had a distinctly Islamic cast: all male believers must undertake a dawn-to-dusk fast each year similar to the Moslem Ramadan, could marry no more than two wives. Baha'u'llah's leadership was handed on to his son, and then his great-grandson, Oxford-educated Shoghi Effendi, the late husband of Mrs. Rabbani (she later remarried). Since then, the faith has been guided by 22 leaders known as Hands of the Cause, who will be superseded by the Universal House of Justice.

In most Moslem countries, Bahai is still

⁹ The Shiites believe that Muhammad's spiritual authority was bequeathed to a line of twelve Imams, the last of whom disappeared during the 10th century. Shiites believe that he is still alive and that until he returns there will always be on earth one of his followers who is in direct communication with him.

regarded as a dangerous heresy—perhaps because oldtime Persian followers of Bah advocated their divine right to assassinate enemies. Last December three Bahai followers in Morocco were condemned to death for proselytizing among Moslems. While visiting New York early this month, King Hassan II agreed to consider pardons if the sentences are appealed.

"Spiritual Vitality." Outside of Islam, Bahai seems to be prospering mightily, and in the U.S. includes such believers as Crooner Vic Damone and Painter Mark Tobey. Bahai's Western success owes much to its current emphasis on peace and brotherhood. Bahai literature glosses over its violent past. Bahais are active, zealous convert seekers: since 1953, the number of worship centers has risen from 2,000 to 13,000, and there are now Bahai adherents in 250 countries. The U.S. has one of Bahai's five "mother temples," an Arabian Nights building in Wilmette, Ill., and there are believers in 1,600 American communities.

Bahai followers firmly believe that they have man's religion of the future, and regard the signs of new life in older churches, such as the ecumenical movement in Christianity, as "courageous but pretty hopeless." These ancient faiths, argues Mrs. Rabbani, "do not have the spiritual vitality that Bahai has." Of course, she admits, "if the ecumenical movement succeeds, we are in for it."

PROTESTANTS

Rendering Unto Caesar

More than ever, the little church around the corner is not just a house of worship; besides a manse, it may have a parish hall, a two-acre parking lot, a parochial school, and a few prudent investments in apartment buildings and acreage near by. In general, churches proper enjoy tax exemption on some or all of their holdings, but budget-strapped mayors and state legislatures are eyeing the things that are God's as a source of needed revenue. In Minneapolis, for example, the city assessor is trying to get \$1.120 in back taxes from a bowling alley operated by a Roman Catholic parish. After the threat of a court fight, the American Baptist Convention recently agreed to pay Upper Merion township, Pennsylvania, \$18,000 a year in assessments on its property there.

Last week one major U.S. church decided that it was time to give Caesar more of his due. In a draft proposal of basic principles that will be put to its 1964 convention, the American Lutheran Church (2,400,000 members) agreed that "to levy upon churches charges for municipal services such as water, sewage, police and fire protection" is "consistent with sound public policy. We believe also that the churches should be willing to accept equitable taxation of parsonages and other dwellings. Churches conducting businesses not essential to their religious ministry ought to be subject to tax laws equally applicable to those governing profit-seeking individuals and corporations."



SIGN PAINTERS AT WORK ON BROADWAY THEATER
After \$40 million, the lovers need no introduction.

SHOW BUSINESS

ACTORS

The Man on the Billboard

[See Cover]

The posters are rising everywhere. The Egyptian lies on her right side in a gold nightgown with a gold snake in her jet-black hair. The Roman leans his brooding over her, dressed for war in his deep purple cuirass.

On the half-acre billboard above Manhattan's Times Square, there are no names. There is no title. There is no need for one, for the billboard is instantly recognizable as 20th Century-Fox's proclamation of its \$40 million movie *Cleopatra*, by far the most expensive picture ever made, which opens a few weeks hence. Nor do the two lovers need an introduction. The tabloids have taken care of that.

There is some difference in the familiarity of the two faces. Hers is widely recognizable. His is not. But it would be hard to find anyone who could not identify that Roman. He is Richard Burton as Mark Antony. In the short space of a year or so, his name has become about as well-known as a name can be.

Everyone, in short, knows who Richard Burton is, or at least what he is at the moment. He is the *Atlas* of this earth, the arm and burgher of men, the fellow who is living with Elizabeth Taylor. Stevedores admire him. Movie idols envy him. He is a kind of folk hero out of no-

where, with an odd name like Richard instead of Tab, Rock, or Rip, who has outtabbed, outtrooked, and outtripped the lot of them. He is the new Mr. Box Office.

If only he were indeed from nowhere—a sort of *Priapus ex machina*—his dazzle would be unshadowed. But beyond the flaring headlines of the past year, few are aware of who Richard Burton really is, what he has done, and what he is throwing away by gulping down his past and then smashing the glass.

Superb & Definitive. Not too long ago, Richard Burton was considered one of the half-dozen great actors in the English-speaking world. Other men equally select—Paul Scofield, Sir Laurence Olivier—recognized this; so did critics like Kenneth Tynan: so did a growing public, aware that Burton was young and that most of his major work was still to be done. He has not done it, and there is more than a slight possibility that he never will. But no one can take from him, at least, the achievements that are already behind him.

Only four actors in history have played Prince Hamlet more than 100 times in a single production—Sir Henry Irving, Sir Herbert Beerhohn Tree, Sir John Gielgud, and Richard Burton. Moreover, Burton was the longest-running Hamlet in the history of the late Old Vic, where Hamlets were kept in the repertory only as long as the box office remained strong.

Between Stratford-upon-Avon and the Old Vic, he has delivered some nine or ten major Shakespearean performances, including a shining Prince Hal, a superb Iago, and the definitive Coriolanus.

He was first seen on Broadway in a small but memorable part in *The Lady's Not for Burning*. He scored high a few years later opposite Helen Hayes in Jean Anouilh's *Time Remembered*. His movie performances have mainly been journeyman labors in poor films, with a few exceptions such as *Look Back in Anger*. His talents were wastefully poured into *Camelot*, like a cataract into a thimble, but he was a more than magical king, giving a performance of rigor, charm, gaiety, melancholy, and controlled dash that made every audience fall in love with him. He was like a highly practiced athlete playing brilliantly for the losing side.

Two Gods. Today, his profession views Burton with melancholy. "When the movie career is finished," sighs Gielgud, "he will have lost his romantic years, his vigorous years." His friend and agent, Harvey Orkin, says roughly, "This is a man who sold out. He's trying to get recognition on a trick. He could have been the greatest actor on this planet." It was Olivier who first warned Burton. "Make up your mind. Do you wish to be a household word or a great actor?" Paul Scofield renders judgment, gauging his language with extreme care: "Richard professionally is the most interesting actor to have emerged since the war. I think his qualities of heroic presence are not seen to their full advantage in movies. He appears not to be attracted by the best that there is in the cinema. As for his future, he should return quickly to the theater."

Whether Burton ever does return to the theater—in more than a token way—will be determined by something considerably deeper than the fate of the liaison he has recently formed. Two little gods within his frame are warring—one that builds with sureness and power, and another that impels him, like his late companion and countryman Dylan Thomas, recklessly toward self-destruction.

Either way, he is a man and a half. He has a wild mind with a living education in it. He is bright and perceptive to an alarming degree, a rare and dangerous thing in an actor. He laughs honestly. He lies winningly. He trusts absolutely, and he is as pretty as a hill of granite. He can make anyone laugh. He can talk a man under the table about literature, displaying huge sophistication and no cant. He reads rapidly, but he gives a book its due: a novel like *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* costs him only two hours, but *Moby Dick* is worth four days, and Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* took him "just over three months." He is a walking concordance to Shakespeare. His mind rings with English verse from all centuries and of all qualities, both great and frivolous. "Edward VII was ill," he will say with a hooding smile, "and the poet laureate—this bloody fool—wrote:

Along the wires the electric message came:

'He is no better, he is much the same.'"

Primal Gloom. He can drink almost anyone under the table too. When Burton's emotional life was particularly eruptive one day earlier this month, he drank half a gallon of cognac, being careful not to let it interfere with his work before the cameras in a new picture called *The Vikings*. His heroes are Scofield, Olivier, Gielgud, Alec Guinness—and a Lancastrian he once met who could down twelve pints of beer while Big Ben was announcing midnight. "I am one of the few people I know," says Burton, "who drinks only when he works." And this is true. Between plays or films, his intake dwindles toward zero. But when he is working, he has "to burn up the flatness—the stale, empty, flat, dull deadness that one feels when one comes off a stage."

He is 37. He stands 5 ft. 10½ in., has broad, heavy shoulders and a deep chest that is 45 in. around. This accounts for the tympanic resonance of his voice, which is so rich and overpowering that it could give an air of verve to a recipe for stewed hare. His head is large. In fact, it has a common circumference with Elizabeth Taylor's waist, which he demonstrates by buckling one of her belts around his forehead. Because of his big chest, head, and shoulders, he has been told that he looks short. This worries him. His imagination takes hold and he sees himself as the world's most conspicuous dwarf. Hence, he has a short man's height complex although he is well above the average height of men. He has pale blue-green eyes, finely textured brown hair, and a coarse complexion, which is said to contribute to his enormous appeal to women. But even more, women lose their balance over his look of essential melancholy. His face can light suddenly with a smile, but it always returns to its primal gloom.

"Beautiful Man." He talks to everyone as if they matter. It is his special gift, seldom found in actors, or, for all that, in clergymen. Burton's secret is sim-

ple. Everyone actually does matter to him. He tells more stories than Scheherazade, but between them he listens. He really wants to hear about one man's children or another's Sunday football match. He can make people feel larger than life. Men appreciate him for it; but women write him letters, chase him around tables, and follow him overseas.

"He has a terrific way with women," says Fredric March. "I don't think he has missed more than half a dozen." Amateur statisticians would have it that he has probably given some sort of lasting memory to roughly 75,000 women in the past 20 years, few as articulate as Tammy Grimes. "He called me 'shining,'" she remembers, "and I was madly in love with him for at least four days. Strictly an infatuation. He makes women feel beautiful. He is a genius. His acting has such a tragic quality. It comes from a completely unsentimental nature, a pure wonderment, and a deep loneliness. His life is a kaleidoscope. Turn him and you see 50 different patterns. Every time you meet him, you see a million different colors. He is a vodka man with a quicksilver mind and a violent temper. He's moody, completely unpredictable, always fascinating, very frugal, extremely shrewd, a tremendous snob, and a beautiful, beautiful man."

Sleepless & Slangless. Making a film called *The Last Days of Dolwyn* in the late '40s, Richard met a beautiful, 19-year-old Welsh actress named Sybil Williams. She came from the Rhondda Valley, not far from his own home. They were married five months later, and she became a wife unparalleled—"impeccable" is Richard's word for her—with a total devotion to him, a mind quick enough to keep up with him, and a limitless tolerance. Her father was a miner, too, but he had risen to managerial status. "Her family was a fairly gifted lot," says Richard. "We have a little joke to the effect that she, as it were, represents the bosses, whereas I represent those men who crawl between heaven and earth." Richard and Sybil call each other "Boot," a Welsh diminutive for "beautiful." They have two daughters, Kate, 5, and Jessica, 3.

Life with Burton was never quiet. He sleeps five hours, no more, and he has the energy to skip sleep altogether and work steadily the following day. He can sit at a piano all night flouting Welsh songs or playing miscellaneous mood pieces, usually incongruous, while he recites poetry, now mocking the voice of Gielgud, now mimicking Olivier, slipping into the tongue of Richard Burton when he does something that holds particular gravity for him. He doesn't swear like a troupier (he barks at Taylor for her vulgarisms), being too much in love with words to settle for slang.

He says he wants more than anything else to be alone, but—in the pre-Taylor era—his dressing-room door was always open to cronies of all ages and sexes. People not only like him, they come near to worshipping him, often for a good reason. Once, in *Camelot*, a young boy was put into the show green and frightened, and during his first rehearsal with Burton he

froze. Burton purposely began to stutter, stumble, turn white and quiver. It was one of his most adroit performances. The boy's nerves receded; his voice coughed into life. He still writes to Burton once a month: Burton has no idea why.

Glamorganshire. Once, after fluffing the same line repeatedly on a movie set, Burton lowered his head and rammed it into a wall. It is impossible to imagine an English actor doing that, but Burton of course is not English. He is Welsh. In fact, he is so thoroughly, defensively, and patriotically Welsh that it costs him some loss of perspective. His gallery of great Welshmen includes Louis XIV, Christopher Columbus and Alexander the Great.

He remembers James Joyce's belief that every man spends his life looking for the place he wants to belong to. "I think I grew up in the place I have dreamed of all my life," he says. It is a village in a valley between high loaves of bald green mountains, split by a small river of rushing white water—called, oddly enough, the Avon—and spanned by a high, narrow stone bridge that was once an aqueduct. Poverty has seldom had a more graceful setting. The village even has a euphonically romantic name—Pont-rhydyfen (*pontra de venne*)!—and, particularly in Richard Burton's view, it is a kind of Glamorganshire Brigadoon. "When I go home," he says, "as I go around the lip of the mountain, my heart races."

Which Child? He was born in Pont-rhydyfen on the 10th of November, 1925. His father—Richard Jenkins—was a miner with little more to his name than a No. 6 shovel and a massive gift for words. Richard was the twelfth of thirteen chil-



BURTON AS CORIOLANUS (1953)
Olivier cried quits.



AS HAMLET (1964)
Cheers from Churchill.



BURTON'S BIRTHPLACE IN PONTTHRYDYFEN
Welsh in the village, English in town.

dren. His mother died when he was not quite two, just after giving birth to Richard's brother Graham. In Taibach, a suburb of the coastal town Port Talbot, at the foot of the Avon, Richard was devotedly raised by his eldest sister, Cecilia. He went to school in Port Talbot, but he spent his weekends in Ponthrhydyfen. The town spoke English and the village spoke Welsh; hence Richard was raised bilingual. He was also raised with a powerful sense of belonging to a village where he could not live.

"My father was a self-taught man," says Richard, "demoniacal in debate, agnostic, with a divine gift of the tongue in both languages. He used hyperbole. He was not afraid of the octosyllabic word. He had a sort of maxim—'Never use a short word where a long one will do.' He was a Welsh Conrad in conversation. He would go off on jags that would make John Barrymore look sedate. He never knew which son I was. He was 50 when I was born. We called him Daddy Ni, which means 'our father.' He sometimes frightened me. His mind was extraordinarily perverse. No one quite knew what he was going to do next, which can be quite frightening to a child, you know."

Daddy Ni died six years ago, never having seen Richard in a play or movie. He tried once—setting out to see *My Cousin Rachel* when it was playing in a Port Talbot cinema. On the way down the valley he stopped in 17 pubs. Finally settled in the theater, he watched the film begin. One of the first things Richard did on the screen was to pour himself a drink. "That's it," said Daddy Ni, and he was up and off to pub No. 18.

Two Fathers. Daddy Ni cared more about education than anything else, even Rugby football, and from Richard's earliest memory, Daddy Ni and Richard's brothers Ivor, Tom, Will and Dai fixed their attention on Richard and said, "You shall go to Oxford." All the brothers save Graham had worked the coal face (Rich-

ard himself never worked in the mines), and some of them went on to other positions in local government, the police, and the army. In Richard, however, the family planted its dream of something better beyond the valley. "The idea of a Welsh miner's son going to Oxford University," says Richard Burton, "was ridiculous beyond the realm of possibility."

First, Richard was one of 30 who were admitted to grammar school out of some 600 applicants. He was also a natural athlete and, of all things, a gifted soprano who took prizes in the eisteddfod, singing, as his sister put it, as if "he had a bell in every tooth." In a sense, he outgrew his family, being something more than life-size even then. A teacher-writer named Philip Burton, drama coach and English master at the Port Talbot grammar school, offered him a room in his lodgings. Cecilia and her husband agreed.

Richard describes himself as "mock tough" when he first knew Philip Burton. Burton, for his part, was chiefly impressed—in Richard's first awkward go on a stage—by the boy's "astonishing audience control. He could do anything he wanted with the audience." This is one talent that can only be found, never developed, and since Richard had it, Phil Burton trained him dramatically, put an English polish on his voice without obscuring the Welsh vitality, fed him a reading list of great books, prepared him for his try for Oxford, and directed him in all his early plays. In 1943, Richard officially became Phil Burton's ward, taking his name. Years later when Richard was told that his father was dead, he asked: "Which one?"

Druid Wanted. Phil Burton, now director of the Musical and Dramatic Theater Academy of America (in Manhattan), trained Richard with some novel devices. He made him talk on five telephones at once, doing a scene from a play about a busy bank manager who could hold five separate conversations, darting from

phone to phone. The exercise was repeated a thousand times to teach the boy coordination and mathematical precision in speaking. Today, Richard understandably hates telephones; but he speaks with fantastic precision. Also, Phil Burton would take Richard to the summit of Mynydd Margam, the last high mountain between Ponthrhydyfen and the sea, and have him loft arias from Shakespeare into the wind. As Phil Burton moved farther and farther away from the spot on which Richard stood, he kept calling, "Make me hear you. Don't shout; but make me hear you." Ten years later, as Richard would all but whisper, "O! what a rogue and peasant slave am I," every princely syllable went special-delivery to the outermost rafters of the Old Vic.

The academic training succeeded as well. Richard was accepted by Exeter College, Oxford. The R.A.F. conveniently provided a scholarship, indenturing him to air service later on. He had to wait two terms before he would actually be *in statu pupillari*, so he answered an ad in Wales's *Western Mail*, placed by Actor Emlyn Williams, seeking a young Welsh actor for a play called *The Druid's Rest*. He got the part and spent five months in the West End, going up to Oxford as a slightly seasoned professional.

Up at Exeter. It was wartime Oxford, but no war to date has changed the ways of the university, and Burton was soon climbing into the college after late and heavy forays. He boasts that he broke the Exeter scone record, a complicated dining-hall punishment for bad etiquette in which the offender was forced to drink nearly two pints of beer in 30 seconds or pay for it. He learned to drink without swallowing and could put down a scone in ten seconds. "So far as I know," he says, "no one has ever whacked that feat."

He was ostensibly reading English Literature and Italian, and he even went to lectures "with all those pustular, sweaty, hockey-playing, earnest, big-breasted girls"; but he found his real in-



BURTON'S PARENTS
A No. 6 shovel and a gift for words.

terest in the Oxford University Dramatic Society. Nevill Coghill, don, critic, and man of the theater, was directing *Measure for Measure*. When Burton asked for a part, Coghill said he was sorry but the play was all cast. Burton's native aggressiveness flashed to the surface. "Let me understudy the leading man," he said wickedly. Undermine would have been a better word. When *Measure for Measure* opened—with people like John Gielgud and Terence Rattigan in the audience, for the O.U.D.S. was as important then as now—guess who was striding the boards as Angelo? Binky Beaumont of H. M. Tennent Ltd., London's most powerful theatrical producer, was also there. He told Richard to stay alive and look him up when his Oxford and R.A.F. days were done.

"Absolute Natural." Burton trained as a navigator, but the war ended before he could fly missions. He spent the next two years playing rugby for the R.A.F. He has never saved a single theatrical notice, but he will unblinkingly refer anyone to "page 37, paragraph 1 of *Rugger, My Life*," a book by Wales's own Bleddyn Williams, the Red Grange of Rugby. "I played with a wing-forward," writes Williams, "who soon caught the eye for his general proficiency and tireless zeal. His name: Richard Burton. But it was in CinemaScope that he caught the eye after the war. A pity, because I think Richard would have made as good a wing-forward as any we have produced in Wales."

Binky Beaumont gave Burton a contract when he was demobilized in 1947, and within a year he was an established actor. "I would like to be recognized as a great actor on the stage," he was saying before long. "The chances of that coming off are extremely remote, but it's a chance I'll take, which is why I don't want to sign film contracts. It impedes, it gets in the way. It seems to me that coming from where I come from, from the very depths of the working class, if I'm going any where, I must go as high as I possibly can."

His main technical asset was his incomparable voice. He hardly needed to do anything more than speak, and he became more skillful at using language as gesture than gesture as language. He was noted for his repose on stage; Philip Burton had taught him that if he kept still, attention would flow in his direction. He also had a faculty for staring unblinkingly at the audience or another actor until everyone on both sides of the footlights was hypnotized.

John Gielgud thought he was "an absolute natural." Laurence Olivier, seeing Burton's *Coriolanus*, said: "Nobody else can ever again play *Coriolanus* now." He was a perfect Prince Hal, the sort of youth who really would take up with Falstaff. His Iago was so subtle that it provoked a commentary letter from Freudian Psychoanalyst Ernest Jones, and Terence Rattigan says it was the best Iago he has ever seen. "We all thought he was the natural successor to Olivier," says Kenneth Tynan

now. "We thought he could be another Edmund Kean, that he was going to be the greatest classical actor living."

Then as now, opening nights petrified him. He does not sleep at all before them. One evening in 1953 he left his home in Hampstead to walk, he thought, aimlessly; but toward 4 a.m. he was crossing Waterloo Bridge, beyond which was the Old Vic, some ten miles from his home. A policeman stopped him on the bridge and wanted to know who he was. Richard explained that he was a terrified actor. On the following night he was going to open as Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, at the Old Vic. "Oh, come now," said the bobby. "They won't know in Peckham Rye, will they? They won't know in St. John's Wood." Burton relaxed slightly and walked out the night with the bobby, making the rounds of Waterloo.

That his performance would be recorded far beyond St. John's Wood was largely due to a critical remark made more than midway in Hamlet's run. Burton's Hamlet was something like a *corrida*, good one night, disappointing the next. But when he had his color and gave it the full Welsh timbre, he thrilled audiences long accustomed to the tremulous Gielgud reading. He had completed about 60 performances and the box office was beginning to slide when the house manager came to his dressing room one evening and said, "Be especially good tonight. The old man's out front."

"What old man?"

"He comes once a year," said the house manager. "He stays for one act and he leaves."

"For God's sake, what old man?"

"Churchill."

As Burton spoke his first line—"A little more than kin, and less than kind"—he

was startled to hear deep identical mutterings from the front row. Churchill continued to follow him line for line, a dramatic beagle, his face a thunderhead when something had been cut. "I tried to shake him off," remembers Burton. "I went fast and I went slow, but he was right there." Churchill was right there to the end, in fact, when Burton took 13 curtain calls and Churchill told a reporter that "it was as exciting and virile a performance of Hamlet as I can remember." Years later, when *Winston Churchill—The Valiant Years* was under preparation for television, its producers asked Sir Winston who he thought should do the voice of Churchill. "Get that boy from the Old Vic," said the old man.⁹

Wince & Wait. By that time, Richard Burton was a long way from the Old Vic. As his stage career fanned to promise and even moments of greatness, he salted his interludes with movies. Everyone does this. Sir Laurence Olivier was in *Spartacus*. But Burton's serious work on the stage began to atrophy as he gave himself increasingly to films, playing opposite an odd assortment of ladies—Lana Turner, Olivia de Havilland, Jean Simmons—in weak pictures wherein he was miscast. Given his professional fears and the economic sparseness of his beginnings, it is not hard to understand why he would shy from the stage toward the greater money and simpler disciplines of pictures, even though his strongest characteristics—controlled flamboyance and overwhelming physical presence—are stunted and sealed off on film.

He hates his movies. "In a film, you

⁹ Burton's voice and Welsh backwardness also made him a natural for the documentary, *A Tribute to Dylan Thomas*, winner of a Hollywood Oscar (a fortnight ago).



PHIL BURTON CARRYING JESSICA WITH KATE & GWYNETH
On the mountain teacher said, "Don't shout, but make me hear you."

⁹ Of whom Shakespeare prophetically wrote: "Well, heaven forgive him" and "forgive us all! Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall."

are a puppet," he says. "On a stage, you are the boss." Significantly, he was the tribune Marcellus in *The Robe*, the first CinemaScope spectacle. "It is the bane of my life," he says. "Whenever a fan comes up to me and says, 'I enjoyed you in... I winced, and wait. It's almost always *The Robe*. The picture was rubbish. It was written as if for *Pre's Paper*.' It was tastelessly sentimental, and badly acted by me." How did he like *The Rains of Ranchipur*? "Beyond human belief." *Bitter Victory*? "Anonymous." Edna Ferber's *Ice Palace*? "A cold Giant."

Overshadowed Antony. Hence, he was not exactly a virgin when he tumbled for *Cleopatra*. He was bored with *Camelot*, and 20th Century-Fox paid \$50,000 to get him out of it; also, Writer-Director Joe Mankiewicz promised him "a playable part." Fox's \$40 million movie has been seen by no one and will not be until its release in June. But judging by the script, Mankiewicz did indeed give Burton a playable part. Since most of the scripting took place as *Cleopatra* was being shot, Writer Mankiewicz—in his approach to each character—knew just whose brain-tongue, and talent he was writing for, and it is not surprising that Burton has the most interesting role. Much of the time too, Mankiewicz appears to be describing Burton as well as the Antony of history. "There is something about Antony which escapes you and me," says one character, "but for which women will forsake the living and forget the dead." Poor Rex Harrison, who went off to Rome a sex

symbol and came away an old man, plays Julius Caesar and is actually the dominant figure in the first half of the film—but his beetly brow has ended up in a postage-stamp insert in a remote corner of that celebrated advertising poster.

Mankiewicz constantly wrote around Elizabeth Taylor, although she is supposed to be the picture's heroine. The early hours of the film also seem to give rather heavy emphasis to spectacle—everything from a 22-ton rolling sphinx to an acre of skin, dancing, Mark Antony is essentially absent until after the intermission, but then the level of the writing rises. The dialogue edges toward the Elizabethan, Richard Burton's adoptive world, and the study of character develops an interesting flair with Mankiewicz' concept of a lone-overshadow: Antony, who comes to hate the very name of Caesar.

Richard Burton tries to avoid seeing his own movies. Will he see *Cleopatra*?

"No."

"Why?"

"Well, I don't want to kill myself."

Wife of Both. Any reminder of Rome offends his sensibilities. "I never want to see the place again as long as I live," he says. He has had his fill of flashbulbs in the dead of night, visiting "priests" with cameras under their cassocks, spoiled beans, stomach pumps, sleeping pills, Jewish singers, German orphans, and old friends who mail him headlines that say *FIN—BURTON*. But he has come away with an interesting souvenir—this riggish Amelo-Egyptian dish of his, whom he has

installed in a rooftop suite in London's Dorchester. He is not at all sure what to do with her.

Some people think she has installed him there. He seems chained in taffeta. But it was Burton who made the first move. The question is: If he had known he was stumbling into a fight to the death, would he have done it anyway?

The answer is probably yes. "Show a Welshman 1,001 exits, one of which is marked SELF-DESTRUCTION," says Mankiewicz, "and he will go right through that door." The outcome of the Taylor-Burton game must inevitably yield up a loser. If he should ever marry her, he will be the Oxford boy who became the fifth husband of the Wife of Bath. If she loses him, she loses her reputation as a fatal beauty, an all-consuming man-eater, the *Cleopatra* of the 20th century.

Darryl Zanuck, president of 20th Century-Fox, is pleased with them. "I think the Taylor-Burton association is quite constructive for our organization," he says. But what if the Taylor-Burton association were to collapse before *Cleopatra* opens? The picture would be an anachronism while it is still in the can.

Playing Adonis. It is possible that Burton cares more about *Cleopatra* than he admits. "What if the first kiss isn't up to scratch?" he worries. "We're finished." With Taylor's assistance, *Cleopatra* has made him a big-money star and its success could keep him there. He has new power, not to mention fame. Before *Cleopatra* Burton got \$125,000 a picture; today his price is \$500,000, most of which he banks. His own term for his emotional world today is "suspended animation." He has never asked for a divorce from Sybil and apparently never intends to. Meanwhile the service is good in the Dorchester. For an actor of his accomplishments, a few more months in the role of Adonis is an easy price to pay.

"Elizabeth is capable of great, violent tempestuous hates," he observes; but in brighter moods she calls him "Richard Bur-nips" and combs his silken hair, saying it is "soft as a baby's bum." Her parents stop in from time to time to sip black velvets with their new fun-in-luv. With or without company, Elizabeth tries to stay close by him 18 hours a day, tilling poor Richard's almanac with some dull stretches of prose as well as short bursts of poetry. During most of the winter, he would slip out to see his family several times a week, playing happily with his children, taking Sybil out to dinner or the theater, and enjoying himself thoroughly before heading back to the Dorchester.

In his less insouciant moments, he tears himself to pieces, maddened with guilt. "Anonymous," he says is the word that describes him, for he has given up everything that truly matters to him. Borrowing Keats's epitaph, he says again and again, "My name is writ in water." Now that Sybil has gone to New York, he sits quarantined in London. Does he want to be the richest actor in the world, the most famous actor in the world, or the best actor in the world—and in what order? Or just a household word?



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U.S. BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Optimism Is Back

U'iches prove such sturdy soldiers that they die hard. Now that "high-level stagnation," used to describe the recent listlessness of the U.S. economy, no longer fits, a Manhattan economist has diagnosed "high-level stagnation with an upward trend." Things are better than that. After months of being prodded, derided and even despaired of, the U.S. economy seems once more to be on the go. "The economy has finally formed a base from which it can move upwards with confidence," says Wells Fargo Bank President Ransom Cook, whose own bank less than a month ago expressed no such confidence.

Hard & Solid. The signs of the economy's new strength were obvious in a welter of statistics that set new records in industrial production, personal income (average: \$1,850 per person after taxes), new orders for manufacturers and employment. But nowhere were the signs more manifest than in the attitude of the nation's most important economic ingredient: people. Buyers returning to Wall Street last week sent the Dow-Jones industrial average surging to 711.68 at week's end, its highest close since last spring. Consumers are crowding into department stores and auto showrooms. In April sent retail sales to new highs. And the 3,700 stockholders who trooped into a Bronx armory for the annual meeting of A. T. & T. seemed to share the optimism of Chairman Frederick R. Kappel, who made happy talk about a general improvement in business confidence. Businessmen were heartened by President Kennedy's mild reaction to the steel price hikes and even more buoyed by the record level of corporate profits.

The word recession is rarely mentioned any more, except by those economists who offer a hindsight opinion that the economic standstill may actually have been a "quasi-recession" which would

certainly make it the mildest on record. Now discussion centers on just how far the advance will go. Last week the President's Council of Economic Advisers reported that the gross national product rose to a record annual rate of \$57.2 billion in the first quarter. \$5 billion more than the Administration had predicted. Chase Manhattan Bank Vice President William F. Butler figures that G.N.P. will reach \$58.2 billion in 1963 v. 1962's \$55.4 billion, and others now feel that it may hit \$58.5 billion. "There's an old saw," says Boston Federal Reserve Bank Economist Paul S. Anderson, "that a boom begets a bust, but it is also possible that the lack of a bust begets a boom."

Bogy Word. So far has business psychology turned that another old bogy word is being heard again. President Kennedy voiced mild concern about inflation at last week's appearance before the American Society of Newspaper Editors. Manhattan's First National City Bank noted that U.S. business is beginning to catch up with overcapacity, which is what has kept most of U.S. industry from raising prices. Inflation is still, by common consent, a distant danger, but it is a better worry for long-range worriers than recession, and renewed talk of it shows how the climate has changed.

MARKETING & SELLING

The Tuna Scare

The nation's grocery shelves were carefully searched last week for cans imprinted with the telltale code WY2 and WY3. They contained tuna fish packed by San Francisco's Washington Packing Corp.—and they were the worst news the \$277 million tuna industry has ever had. When two Detroit women died from food poisoning after eating a bad can of A. & P. tuna packed by Washington, health authorities across the U.S. began searching out other cans of Washington tuna marketed under various brand names. New



N.Y. INSPECTOR EXAMINING TUNA
Cranberries had it worse.

York officials discovered had tuna sold under a Dagim Tahorim kosher label, sent inspectors to hundreds of groceries to search for the suspect cans. WY2 and WY3 cans also turned up in Cleveland, and inspectors searched out Washington Packing shipments to stores in Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and Augusta, Ga.

All the publicity seems to have made many Americans temporarily lose their taste for tuna. A careful shopper could check the lid for the telltale number in a grocery, but it seemed chancier to trust a restaurant or a drugstore counter with a tuna fish sandwich or salad. Food Fair's Howard Miller, the chief grocery buyer for the chain's New Jersey, New York and Connecticut stores, estimated that tuna sales were down 10%. Tuna sales fell in Chicago, Detroit and San Francisco. Van Camp Vice President F. E. Hagelberg saw "no question" but that the scare would eventually "have an adverse effect on sales," and an executive for Chicken of the Sea moaned, "I think it's costing the industry millions of dollars in sales."

The A. & P., whose tuna started the scare, removed all of its Washington-packed tuna fish from the shelves, offered to return the purchase price not only of its own brand tuna but of any brand a customer wished to redeem. Tiny Washington Packing, which cans tuna for a variety of labels (Tastewell, Ocean Beauty, Drake's Bay, Tuna-4-Cats) and has never had trouble before, closed down its plant as cases of tuna began to return to the company. No one accused the firm of any violations of health regulations that would account for the presence of the deadly spores in the cans, and no one knew exactly how many bad cans were still on shelves. Hoping that the public reaction would not match 1959's cranberry scare, the tuna industry was clearly apprehensive, pointed out that in the 42 years of its existence it had canned 45 billion cans of tuna without a fatality.



A. T. & T.'S ANNUAL MEETING

That quasi-recession is a thing of the past.



CHAIRMAN KAPPEL



SKIL'S HEDGE CLIPPERS

TECHNOLOGY

Power Without Cords

Electric typewriters are steadily taking a bigger share of the typewriter market, but none of them can match the unusual trick of the new Smith-Corona portable, introduced last week; it can keep right on typing after its cord is pulled out of the socket. The source of its cordless energy is a compact, efficient power supply that has excited the inventive brain of U.S. industry: the nickel-cadmium battery. This versatile product can be recharged in an ordinary electric socket, can be made tiny enough to power a hearing aid, and is good for a total life of three or four thousand hours.

Smith-Corona's new typewriter is the latest of a stream of portable nickel-cadmium-powered consumer products that have helped to boost sales of the batteries to \$20 million; the industry expects its sales to be \$200 million within a decade, considers the rechargeable battery its equivalent of the electronics industry's transistor. "Now man is fettered by a cord," says Research Engineer Frank Kamen of Chicago's toolmaking Skil Corp. "We want to release his bonds."

Clippers & Trimmers. Like all storage batteries, nickel-cadmiums work by taking on a charge of electricity from an outside source and converting it into chemical energy for storage. When called upon, they gradually convert the chemical energy back into a steady current of electricity, which lasts long enough to run the portable typewriter up to ten hours before recharging is needed. Auto batteries use lead and acid as the elements to produce their chemical action; nickel-cadmiums use nickel and cadmium electrodes. European engineers after the war developed a way to make them compact in size and to seal them permanently so that no new battery fluid has to be added



SMITH-CORONA'S TYPEWRITER*
Use now, charge later.

during their life. Today's vastly more sophisticated nickel-cadmiums need no maintenance, are shockproof and immune to cold, and can be recharged without danger of overcharging.

The runaway success of transistor radios showed the U.S. consumer's fascination with what is simple and portable, and attracted U.S. industry to the virtues of the nickel-cadmiums. Skil Corp. and Black & Decker sell cordless electric hand drills, hedge trimmers, grass clippers and other tools that are powered by a small nickel-cadmium power pack built into the tool or strapped to the user's belt. Remington, Schick and Norelco have battery-run shavers, Sunbeam has a cordless shaver and kitchen mixer, General Electric a toothbrush, Fairchild a home movie camera. Nickel-cadmiums also power a growing variety of other products, such as flashlights, cigarette lighters, radios, television sets and walkie-talkies.

Heated Clothes. Despite the widening use of the new power packs, one battery company executive admits that "the rechargeable battery industry is about at the stage where color TV was five years ago." The expensive raw materials and relatively low-volume production at present keep prices of the batteries well above what most consumers like to pay (Black & Decker's battery hedge trimmer costs \$99 v. \$39 for a cord model). But as demand grows, the industry looks for mass production methods to come into use and to bring drastic price reductions.

Demand seems certain to grow: eager research labs are rushing the development of battery-powered vacuum cleaners, refrigerators, vending machines, and even battery-heated clothing. And where nickel-cadmiums are not powerful enough to do the job, there is already a newer silver-cadmium rechargeable battery, which is even more expensive but packs a compact electrical wallop strong enough to drive portable industrial machinery.

*With Marketing Vice President George Burns and President Emerson E. Mead.

One Way to Do It

Though electronics companies frequently start with little more than an idea and a basement workshop, Scientific-Atlanta's beginnings were inauspicious even by those standards. Founded in 1951 by six Georgia Tech staffers to produce some items developed in Tech's labs, it began with an initial capital of \$600 and a corner in an Atlanta air-conditioning warehouse. Its founders were so unwilling to chance their futures that they kept their teaching jobs, hired as general manager a Union Carbide physicist named Glen P. Robinson Jr. Robinson worked the first year without salary, and the company lost \$4,000 on its first job. When five of the six original investors became disgruntled, Robinson bought them out, repaying each his original \$100.

He has not had cause to regret it. At 30, he now heads a company that has captured 70% of the world market in the esoteric field of antenna testing equipment, last year raised its sales 38% to \$3,100,000 and profits to \$181,000. Scientific-Atlanta recently moved into a new \$700,000 plant on 25 acres of prime land in an Atlanta suburb, is now planning an addition that will double the plant's size. The company owes its remarkable success to an ill wind that blew a lot of good. Its bank account was so low that it could not afford to buy an expensive piece of equipment that it needed to stay in business—and so began making it itself.

Largely supporting itself by making and hand-testing military radar antennas, struggling Scientific-Atlanta got a Signal Corps order in 1954 to develop a new plastic lens antenna. It needed a recorder to test the patterns of the more sophisticated antenna, but the cheapest recorder cost \$10,000—just about the company's net worth at the time. Robinson rounded up consultants from Georgia Tech, worked day and night for five months, finally developed a homemade recorder that was more accurate and could be sold more



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cheaply than those on the market. The recorder converts radio signals passing through an antenna into graph lines that show in which positions the antenna receives or sends its strongest signals.

The new recorder was a hit with industry: Scientific-Atlanta hoped to sell 50, instead has so far sold 752 (at \$4,300 each) to such companies as General Electric, Sperry Rand and Bell Labs. Its staff has grown to 40 engineers and 260 other employees, who now make testers for almost any antenna from TV to military fire control, and its success has attracted venture capital from Rockefeller Bros., Inc., put up at Laurance Rockefeller's recommendation. "Space activity," says Robinson, "has given this field a big boost. There is no other way to communicate with a space vehicle except through an antenna."

EYHOUI



GREYHOUND'S FRAILAN
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CORPORATIONS

The Sign of the Dog

The 1964-65 New York World's Fair has its own official symbol—a rather dated-looking unisphere ringed by satellites—but a good many of its expected 75 million visitors may go away instead remembering a dog sign. The dog is the familiar leaping greyhound of the Greyhound Corp., which will be sole operator of the fair's tours, information booths and sightseeing cars. Greyhound intends to impress its name and symbol as indelibly as possible. "From the time you enter that fair until the time you leave," warns Chairman Frederick W. Ackerman, 68, "you're going to be looking at Greyhound." Identification means so much to Greyhound's long-range plan that the company is even willing to risk losing money on its World's Fair operation.

Weeding & Leveraging. Greyhound can easily afford it. Last week the world's biggest bus line (5,300 buses) reported first-quarter earnings that rose 47% to



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No petty annoyances.

"I want to walk into your terminal, board my flight,
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Norelco

In Canada and throughout the free world, Norelco is known as "The Philips"

\$3,231,000, despite the fact that the first quarter is always the slowest for bus companies. This performance continued Greyhound's good showing in 1962, in which it showed a record profit of \$28.2 million and an 18.5% return on invested capital. Though Greyhound still gets 80% of revenues from the bus business, it is also traveling other profitable roads. The company last year grossed \$8,800,000 from its household moving and storage operation and another \$25 million on its 130 "Post House" restaurants. Its tour service has become the nation's largest booker of hotel rooms.

Though Greyhound has fewer employees and buses and drove fewer passenger-miles last year than in 1953, the average ride per passenger has increased to a record 120 miles. Under Ackerman and President Melvin C. Frailey, 63, who conducts the line's day-to-day operations as chief executive, Greyhound has been so successful at paring unprofitable routes and attracting riders that it has built up substantial surpluses, even while refurbishing buses and building new terminals.

railroads—many of which are not sorry to see them go—Greyhound is constantly speeding up its schedules. On its 681-mile Canadian run from Vancouver to Calgary, its buses now beat the train by an hour. In some cases Greyhound can even compete with planes: the sign of the dog makes the trip from downtown Chicago to downtown Milwaukee 30 minutes faster than a passenger can go by air.

LABOR

A Kiwi at 32

Once every two years American Airlines takes over a posh hotel and holds a banquet for its Kiwis, appropriately named for the New Zealand bird that cannot fly. American's Kiwis are former stewardesses who quit to marry or retired gracefully at 32, the age at which American now grounds its girls. Not all of American's stewardesses want to turn into Kiwis. Last week seven blue-suited American stewardesses, all approaching 32 or past it, sparked a labor dispute by insisting that a girl's wings should not be clipped because



AMERICAN'S "AGING" STEWARDESSES®
Most are grounded by a wedding ring.

Greyhound has what the company calls "leverage" working for it. One example: every cent a mile saved on maintenance costs means \$5,000,000 in annual savings. Greyhound has also lowered its break-even point until every passenger who boards a bus after it is half full means almost pure profit.

After an unpleasant plunge into car rentals (it lost \$17.5 million) in 1956, Greyhound acquired San Francisco's Booth Leasing Corp., now does a thriving business (\$864,000 net last year) in leasing trucks, computers and—of all things—five 707 jet planes. The company is also expanding its Post House operation, plans to build new highway complexes, restaurants, service stations and motels.

On-Board Rest Rooms. Despite its computers and coffee shops, Greyhound intends to remain primarily a bus company. Ackerman believes that load factors can be made even more profitable, is trying to attract more riders with soft chairs, glareless windows and on-board rest rooms. To get more passengers away from

of age. "Do I look like an old bag?" asked a pert 35-year-old who, like 70 other over-32 American stewardesses, is still flying under a waiver because she joined American before it established its grounding policy in 1953.

The stewardesses' protest was no mere girlish outburst: they also seek higher wages and fewer hours in the new contract that the Transport Workers Union is now negotiating for them with American. American argues that it guarantees ground jobs that pay as well as flying ones to stewardesses after they are grounded—but, then, no one really expects them to stay around that long. Age limits are also in effect at TWA and Delta (both 35) but marriage nearly always solves the problem. American itself has an annual 40% stewardess turnover rate, and only eight to ten stewardesses a year out of American's 1,500 reach 32 without a wedding ring.

® Left to right: Jean Howard, 31, Nancy Collins, 30, Dusty Roads, 35.



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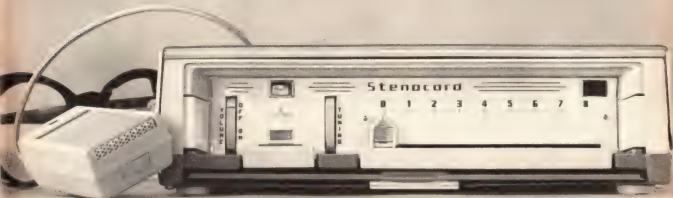
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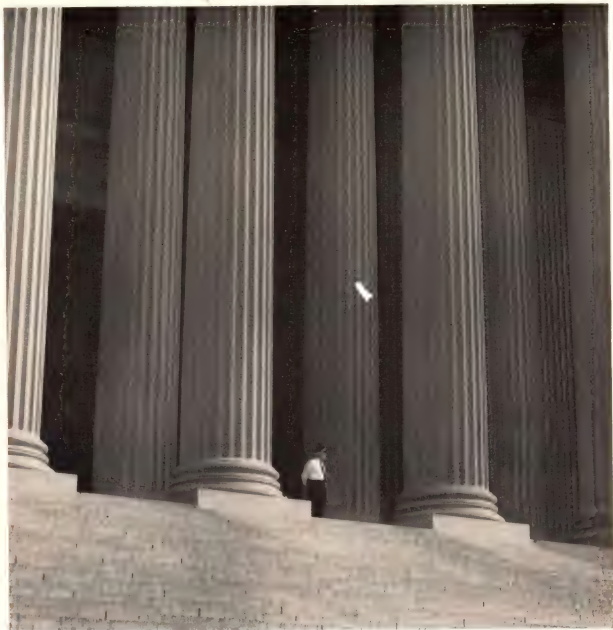
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WORLD BUSINESS

LATIN AMERICA

The Japanese Presence

They run the biggest textile plant in Central America, the largest fishing fleet in Venezuela, the greatest shipyard in Brazil. They chatter in soprano Spanish with the first families at El Salvador's Club Salvadoreño, mine copper in Bolivia, spin yarn in Argentina, produce drugs in Mexico. The resourceful investors from Japan, venturing where U.S. businessmen have become reluctant to tread of late, have made Latin America their No. 1 investment target. Though Japan's total investment of some \$390 million is hardly in the same league with the U.S. commitment of \$8.2 billion in Latin America, U.S. investment there is now slowly shrinking—while Japan's is advancing by \$100 million yearly.

Fish Meal & Cement. The Japanese are less frightened than U.S. investors by Latin America's chronic political and economic upheavals. Having learned to live at home in the shadow of Red China, they look patronizingly on Castro's menacing. The unnerving gyrations of inflated pesos and cruzeiros also do not trouble them much, since they have been through the same thing in Southeast Asia. Most of all, the Japanese sense that Latin America, which has a more substantial middle class than any of the world's other developing areas, offers the best potential export market for Japan's cut-price industrial goods.

The central concentration of Japanese industry is in Brazil, to which sizable numbers of Japanese farmers have been emigrating since 1908, notably to São Paulo. The Japanese in Brazil control 67 firms ranging into insurance, banking, cement, glass and machinery. The Japanese-run Ishikawajima shipyard is working on its seventh vessel, and the new Usiminas steel plant, backed by a consortium of 14 Japanese companies, will pour 500,000 tons of pig iron this year. In Peru the Japanese have become leaders in the booming fish-meal industry, are also building a railroad in the backlands. In Honduras, Japan's Oki Electric Co. underbid such Western giants as A.T. & T. and Siemens to win the contract to build a new telephone system. Tokyo Shibaura Electric will soon install an educational television network in El Salvador, and Toyota and Nissan will start assembling cars in Venezuela by year's end.

Cut-Rate Tours. The Japanese industrial invasion of Latin America is all the more remarkable in that it began in earnest only in 1955. It has since been backed by the Japanese government with low-interest loans and low-rate investment insurance. Japan calculates that this investment will even out its slight imbalance of trade with Latin America; last year it sold \$234 million worth of goods to the area, but bought \$225 million worth.



JAPANESE-BRAZILIAN STEEL MILL
Usually a resident for president.

mostly cotton and other raw materials. The new factories will not only use Japanese parts, but also, as one Japanese businessman explains, "will make Latin America wealthier, and thus open big markets for our consumer goods."

While the Japanese control most of the companies they invest in, they usually set up a resident national as president to avoid charges of foreign exploitation. In Latin America they can get away with paying Japanese-size wages; the pay in El Salvador's I.U.S.A. textile plant is \$2 a day. The Japanese complain that Latin American workmen are about a third less productive than those back home, but try to teach efficiency by sending technicians to Japan for six-month training courses. To lure investing partners, they also invite Latin American businessmen to see Japan on cut-rate tours; in February more than 100 jetted over from El Salvador, came back suitably impressed.



CADBURY CHOCOLATE AD
Long in the sweet tooth.

BRITAIN

This Chocolate Isle

"They chew through plays and they chew in trains," complained the London Daily Mail. "They suck lollies through *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*, and they while away Tennessee Williams with the chocolates with the scrumptious centers." The Mail's complaint was not another anti-American outburst, but a cultural critique of the world's most ravenous candy eaters: the British. Unfazed by calorie counts, the English last year ate an average 8 oz. of candy weekly, nearly double the sweet tooth of any other European country and well above the 5.6 oz. a week the U.S. puts away. All this amounts to a big rock candy mountain of 1.4 billion lbs. of sweets annually. For Britain's 800 candy companies and 250,000 candy-peddling retailers, the sweet smell of success adds up to \$800 million a year.

Astride their chocolate isle lapped by nougat seas, British candymakers should be the world's most contented manufacturers. They are not. Since wartime rationing finally ended in 1954, sweet-eating has reached a very high point of satiety—and stayed there. British candy buyers are a fickle lot, constantly switching brands and assortments. To get a good bite of the market, candymakers have to spend a lot on advertising, constantly spring forward with new product names.

Led by giant Cadbury, Rowntree, and Cadbury's Fry subsidiary, Britain's chocolate makers have become the biggest spenders and the most aggressive marketers. Last year they won 51% of the market, to outsell the makers of traditional British toffee for the first time. Ads for chocolates look like U.S. cigarette commercials; the hosomy blonde, blossoming hower and babbling brook that spell menthol smokes for conditioned U.S. audiences are in England frequently a backdrop for a chocolate bar. "I like plain, simple things," coos one unidentified model in the ads. "Plain chinchillas. Simple sables. And plain chocolate." This kind of talk seems to suit plain old Cadbury's and Rowntree's, both of which were founded by devout Quakers. Cadbury Boss Paul Cadbury, 67, is so scrupulous that he insists on paying for candies that he carries home from the factory in the evening.

Britain's candy taste shift is continuing. The latest trend is away from "the bottle trade," or bulk candies in jars, to boxed assortments in glossy packages; candymakers expect the growth of British supermarkets to accelerate this trend. To hold its top place, Cadbury's plans to spend \$60 million over the next four years enlarging and modernizing its main plant in Birmingham. For its part, the British government looks on the candy crave as a mixed blessing. A 15% "lolly tax" im-

posed last year on candy purchases should bring in \$140 million annually. At the same time, dentists blame sweets for the fact that Britain also leads the world in bad teeth. The cost of yearly dental care to Britain's nationalized health service: \$140 million.

WORLD TRADE

Dumping Dispute

The dirtiest word in the world's coldly competitive steel business is "dumping"—the calculated practice of selling for less abroad than at home. While raising their own domestic prices last week, U.S. steelmakers grumbled bitterly that cut-price European and Japanese competitors are dumping steel on the U.S. market. In a thumb-in-the-eye brawl that is becoming global, the Europeans also accuse the Japanese of dumping steel in the Common Market. The Europeans have quietly made a cartel-like agreement to set prices of exports and carve up world markets—but so have the Japanese. Last week West Germany's *Die Welt* reported that the Common Market's and the Japanese, united at least in anger at U.S. anti-dumping charges, may yet combine into one great steel cartel to battle the U.S.

Ready Admission. By underselling U.S. steelmakers by as much as 30%, the Japanese increased exports to the U.S. from 615,000 tons in 1961 to 1,160,000 tons last year. The Europeans have met the Japanese export prices, shipped 2,150,000 tons to the U.S. in 1962. This threat has not only upset U.S. steelmakers but also brought the U.S. Government into the argument. Acting under a 42-year-old U.S. anti-dumping law, the Treasury Department last month ruled that Belgium, Germany and Luxembourg had been dumping wire rods in the U.S., turned the case over to the Tariff Commission for a final ruling next month. Because the Tariff Commission can boost duties retroactively, many American importers have slashed their buying just to be on the safe side. One result: imports of some German steel products are running 75% below normal rates.

The Japanese steelmen are also being investigated by the U.S. Government, but have not yet been ruled upon; meanwhile, they are stepping up their exports to both the U.S. and Europe. They have impressed Washington with their arguments that steel exports are profitable to them even at cut prices because payment is quicker, warehousing cheaper and loan interest rates easier than on domestic sales. Like the Japanese, the Europeans admit that they have been selling below list price in the U.S., but claim that they have also been discounting from their list prices at home in the face of soft markets and stiffening competition. While U.S. steelmen are raising prices, the Common Market in the past month has cut export prices for some beams, rods and rolled steel by \$1 to \$2 a ton.

Threats of Retaliation. Unlike U.S. steelmen, who bank their furnaces when demand drops but keep prices fairly steady,

the Europeans prefer to slash prices and keep production high to avoid politically unpopular layoffs and the expensive overhead of idle plants. In addition, Belgium and Luxembourg argue that they must export at almost any price to get foreign exchange to finance their heavy imports. The angry Common Market's contend that the U.S.'s anti-dumping law is outmoded in that it restricts free trade, but they have little hope that the U.S. Government will do anything to encourage further competition for the U.S. steel industry. Now they are threatening reprisals similar to the retaliatory tariffs they slapped on U.S. plastics and paints after Washington raised duties on Belgian carpets and glass last year. The dumping battle is just beginning.



BANKER SHOMAN

Once all he knew was 'cheap, cheap.'

MIDDLE EAST

Prosperous Peddler

The wealth of the Arab world glitters in Beirut, but the citadel of Arab finance is an undistinguished grey-walled building in Amman on the edge of the Jordan desert. It is the Arab Bank, the first as well as the largest Arab-owned bank. Its bluff, barrel-chested founder and chairman is Abdul Hameed Shoman, 75, a sometime haberdashery peddler who ranged the U.S. before returning home to open a bank dedicated as much to helping Arabs as it is to making profits. Shoman excels at making helping pay. Last week, as the Arab Bank released its 1962 report, everything set new records: operating profits rose to \$13.1 million, v. 1961's \$9,200,000; deposits climbed to \$220 million; and total assets jumped to \$313 million. Shoman's bank has 2,000 employees and 43 branches that cover the Arab world, but Shoman is not content with being merely a banker to the Arabs; he recently opened branches in Zurich and

Nigeria, and is now planning to expand into the U.S. and Latin America.

A Small Hello. Born and raised in a stone hut in a primitive village four miles north of Jerusalem, Shoman at 23 emigrated to the U.S., and became a door-to-door salesman of dry-goods products. "I only knew how to say 'cheap, cheap' and then make finger signs to show the price," he says. What he lacked in English he more than made up in hard work. He soon opened a dressmaking factory in Manhattan's garment district, where an Arab was bound to get a small hello. He was homesick. Seeing how U.S. banks helped small businesses to get on their feet, Shoman decided that what the Arabs needed was their own bank—an enterprise that no Moslem had so far undertaken because of the Koran's injunction against usury. Devout Shoman felt certain that the Prophet had not meant to forbid honest commercial banking, and in 1929, taking the considerable money he had earned in the U.S., he returned to Palestine.

By carefully investing in a wide range of new industries and public works from Casablanca to Baghdad, Shoman's new Arab Bank acted as a catalyst for Arab economic development in the days when no one was willing to bet on it. Says Shoman: "There would not be any industry here if we had not helped finance it." Arab Bank loans created jobs for more than 100,000 workers, and in Jordan the bank's loans for new cement, textile, and food-processing plants have given the country a growth rate in the Middle East second only to oil-rich Kuwait. Aside from commercial loans, Shoman gave millions of his own and the bank's money to Arab charities, has sent hundreds of Arab students to Western universities. Sentimentally, unschooled Shoman has built a \$600,000 teachers training college in his native village, Beit Hanina.

Out for Unity. Despite his wealth, he shuns luxuries, has no hobbies, and usually reads himself to sleep over bank reports. So strict a Moslem is he that he prays toward Mecca five times a day, allows none of his employees to drink, smoke or eat pork in his presence. Unimpressed by pomp, he treats peddlers, peasants and princes alike. He knows almost every Arab ruler from Ben Bella to King Saud, royally says of Jordan's King Hussein: "He is like one of my sons, but I tell him when he is wrong."

Two years ago, when Nasser nationalized all the banks in the United Arab Republic, Shoman lost six branches. When Syria and Iraq recently announced their intention to merge with Egypt, the threat of losing twelve more branches would have driven most bankers to despair. But Shoman believes that any step toward Arab unity is worth some losses. "If the Arab world could be joined together and Arabs could trade freely, they would prosper like Americans," he says. "For the sake of Arab unity, I'll give it all away." He may not have to: aside from his family's 37% ownership, 2,040 Arab investors in 15 nations have a stake in the Arab world's leading bank.



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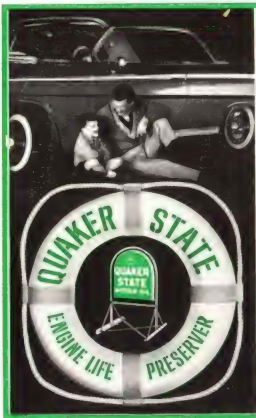
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MILESTONES

Married. Suzy Parker, 30, model turned movie star; and Bradford Dillman, 33, who played the young O'Neill on Broadway in *Long Day's Journey into Night*; both for the second time; aboard the luxury liner *Santa Rosa* en route to Curaçao.

Died. Yetta Wallenda, 42, German-born acrobat and member of the ill-starred Flying Wallendas; of injuries suffered when she apparently fainted at the climax of her solo act atop a swaying fiber glass pole, fell gracefully and silently to ft. to the ground; in Omaha. Last year, when a fall killed two other members of the troupe and permanently crippled a third, Yetta said: "When I fall, I want to be dead."

Died. Evgeny Dmitrievich Kiselev, 54, Russia's top man in the U.N. Secretariat as Under Secretary for Political and Security Council Affairs, a smooth, ever-smiling career diplomat who was Ambassador to Cairo (1955-60), where he wooed Nasser during the Suez crisis with promises of Russian arms; after a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Alfred Whitney Griswold, 56, 16th president of Yale University, witty critic and wise champion of U.S. liberal arts education; of cancer; in New Haven (see EDUCATION).

Died. Sir Leslie Arthur ("Dick") Plummer, 61, British Labor Party M.P. since 1951 and a lifelong socialist who for 17 years pursued a career as a top business-side executive for Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers, then left in 1948 to enter politics and become an anti-nuclear, anti-Common Market leader of the Labor wing that recently made Harold Wilson party chief; of a stroke; in Manhattan. "I've done well under the capitalist system," he once said. "but I loathe it all represents."

Died. Boyd Martin, 76, sprightly dean of movie criticism, who in 1910 as a young writer on the Louisville Courier-Journal painted *The Great Train Robbery* as "not realistic" in what is generally accepted as the first movie review ever published in a newspaper, was the Journal's movie and drama man ever after; of cancer; in Louisville.

Died. Dr. Allen Oldfather Whipple, 82, director of surgical service at Manhattan's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center from 1921 to 1946, a reserved and humble man born of American missionary parents in Persia, who in 1935 performed the first successful operation for removal of cancer of the pancreas (still known as the "Whipple Operation"), in 1936 was one of the founders of the American Board of Surgery, the highest certification organization of a general surgeon's training and competence; of a heart attack; in Princeton, N.J.

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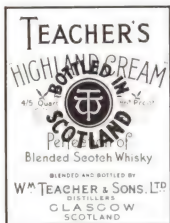


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CINEMA

A Man & His Tapeworm

Fiasco in Milan. Italy's Carlo Pisacane is a 72-year-old comedian who portrays a sadly dilapidated object called The Little Shack (Capannelle). Capannelle stands 5 ft. 4 in., weighs 132 lbs., and looks like Jimmy Durante trying to look like Mohandas Gandhi. He has the innocence of Durante, the gentleness of Gandhi, and a stupidity that is all his own. He swaggers about the slums of Rome in what he demurely describes as "sportswear": moldy sneakers, maggoty jodhpurs, a blazing blazer apparently made from an old American flag. His head sticks up like the little bald ball on top of a flagpole. His nose and his chin all but meet in front of his mouth, as though trying to hide it—and well they might. His mouth is a little round hole that looks as if a big fat worm lived down there—and one does. Beneath the comic mask is a tragic figure: Capannelle has a tapeworm and no teeth.

To feed his tapeworm, Capannelle long ago was driven to a career of crime. In *Big Deal on Madonna Street*, he became a notorious icebox robber. In *Fiasco*, a mildly amusing sequel to that uproarious comedy of criminal errors, the tapeworm is bigger than ever, and poor Capannelle has been forced to seek state support for a dependent he cannot declare. According to the script, he frequently strolls into a fancy restaurant, gums his way through an eight-course dinner, tsks at the check, turns out his pockets, fiddles off to prison and a month of free meals.

As *Fiasco* begins, the old *Madonna Street* gang, led by Vittorio Gassman, latches onto a big deal in Milan, and Capannelle gets a cut of the caper—probably because he is willing to work for peanuts. Everything that can possibly go wrong, does. At one point, while Capannelle keeps an eye peeled for the

polizio, another member of the gang steals a parked car, drives exactly eleven inches, feels a mighty thump, realizes red-faced that one rear wheel is gone—the car was standing on a jack. In the end, Capannelle & Co. cop the swag, a matter of 80 million lire (\$130,000), but only by dumb luck. They stow it in a suitcase and the suitcase in a baggage room. The check—

"Hey!" hollers Gassman. "What did I do with the baggage check?" He put it in his pants pocket, that's what, and he forgot to take it out when he gave the pants to Capannelle. And that was a mistake. Because one day when Capannelle is feeling particularly peaked, when visions of roast woodcock are dancing in the old clown's head, he just happens to find that baggage check. Now of course Capannelle would never dream of doublecrossing his confederates, not even for \$130,000 worth of groceries. But it seems there is no honor among tapeworms.

Not in the Cards

The Man from the Diners' Club. The Los Angeles headquarters of the Diners' Club is a dreadful place to work. A boiler factory of computers goes *think-thunk-think* and lights up like the scoreboard at a hockey match. And in a little room by itself squats the Master Card File, bristling with millions of index cards mounted on wheels.

Into this room, when everybody else is outside the employees' entrance drinking coffee, tiptoes Clerk Danny Kaye. He has okayed the membership application of a tax-rapped mobster, and he has got to retrieve the card from the Master File before it is mailed out. First the buttons: *thack-thack*; then the lever: *slank*. The wheels begin to turn: *whumble-whumble-wheel*. But instead of surrendering the card, the omnivorous machine snaps at Danny's black knit tie and starts dragging him into its transistorized innards. Like a hooked tarpon, Danny runs with the line, is reeled back in, leaps, dives, tail-walks, snaps free just as he is coming to gaff. In disgust, the Master File starts spitting application cards at him until the room is ankle deep in a paper blizzard, with drifts backing up against the chilly air-conditioning ducts.

Unfortunately, after this mad beginning *The Man* slows down to a walk. Worse yet, TV's Telly Savalas (*The Untouchables*, *The Witness*), cast to type as the card-carrying hoodlum, almost succeeds in heisting the show from Danny when in the last reel, Telly—on the Diners' Club—rents Avis Fords, gladiolus bouquets, peony-print bridesmaids' outfits, redheaded office girls, and messengers on bicycles to stage a gangland wedding get-away. Danny Kaye does not even have a git-gat-gittle patter song to reassure audiences that they are watching him and not Jerry Lewis. What's more he seems to know that there is something fishy about his getting caught in this eat-now-pay-later bouillabaisse.



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Is Killing Women Bad?

Landru. The New Wave, which surfboarded French Moviemaker Claude Chabrol to fame in *Le Beau Serge* and *Les Cousins*, is receding, and the beach is littered with reels of cinematic flotsam. A fair sample is this Chabrol film based on the macabre amours of Henri Désiré Landru, a French antique dealer, who whiled away World War I by having affairs with 283 women, only 273 of whom survived.

The screenplay and dialogue are by Françoise Sagan; she and Chabrol started out to do a picture about the life of George Sand, but became bored with the idea and switched from blue story to Bluebeard in mid-project. The film is mean to ladies in more ways than murder. Its closeups of fading Film Queens Danielle Darrieux and Michèle Morgan constitute a photographic invasion of privacy. One corpulent beldam, a doomed weekend guest at Landru's Art Nouveau rookery near Paris, eats raspberries from Landru's hand and ends up with jam dribbling wretchedly down her chin.

How the bald-headed, spade-bearded little Lothario killed ten women is not shown, but his method of disposing of their remains is made clear: in the kitchen is a long black table, a meat grinder, and a small black stove. One victim sees the coal shuttles for her own cremation, and noxious black smoke puffing from Landru's chimney* hints at similar fates for others. Each smoke signal cues a clip from a World War I newsreel showing doughboys going over the top to their death. Chabrol thus seems to justify his Landru (to whom he and Sagan are lavishly sympathetic throughout the film) by suggesting that killing is killing, whether it happens at Verdun or in Landru's kitchen.

* As Charlie Chaplin did in *Monsieur Verdoux* (1947), based on the Landru legend.

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1. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA EDISON COMPANY: Westinghouse closed-cycle water reactor plant order placed. A. S. Edison will construct a 1,100-megawatt closed-cycle water reactor plant at San Diego, California. The plant is expected to be completed in 1974. The plant will be the first of its kind in the United States.

2. CONNECTICUT YANKEE ATOMIC POWER COMPANY: Westinghouse closed-cycle water reactor plant selected.

The Connecticut Yankee Atomic Power Company has selected the Westinghouse closed-cycle water reactor plant for its new 1,100-megawatt plant at Middletown, Connecticut. The plant is expected to be completed in 1974. The plant will be the first of its kind in the United States.

3. LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT OF WATER AND POWER: Westinghouse closed-cycle water reactor design submitted.

The Los Angeles Department of Water and Power has submitted a design for a Westinghouse closed-cycle water reactor plant to the Atomic Energy Commission. The plant is expected to be completed in 1974. The plant will be the first of its kind in the United States.



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This brings the total to 10 Westinghouse-designed atomic power plants already completed or under construction for the electric utility industry. The total capacity of these ten plants is approximately 2,150,000 kilowatts.

CONSOLIDATED EDISON CO. OF NEW YORK has filed an application with the AEC for a permit to build a one-million-kilowatt atomic power plant in a proposal for which Westinghouse provided designs.



BOOKS

The Wages of Guilt

THE MERCY OF GOD (310 pp.)—Jean Cau—Atheneum (\$5).

On the floor of the prison cell, the cockroach struggles frantically to escape its burning bed of straw. "Confess you're not a saint," shouts one convict hovering over the minuscule pyre, "or else the fire of heaven will consume your flesh amid hideous sufferings." Cries another: "Confess that the Prince of Evil has appeared to you and seduced you, but that you see the light and that repentance floods your heart." But the roach says nothing and



JEAN CAU
Paradise in prison.

goes up in flames. "She's damned. God forgive her."

So four men cooped up in a single cell pass the time. They call their quaint little game *The Torture of Joan of Arc*, and it is a symptom of their terrible sense of guilt, which consumes them as the flames consume the roach. A preoccupation with guilt is nothing new for modern French novelists. But Jean Cau, 37, examines the meaning of guilt more exhaustively than even Camus or Sartre—though not always with their clarity. A controversial journalist as well as a novelist and playwright, Cau won the 1961 Prix Goncourt for *The Mercy of God*.

The Crime of Birth. Cau's four characters are so overwhelmed by guilt that they cannot recall the actual crimes that landed them in prison. They cannot distinguish between the people they felt like murdering and those they actually did murder; they feel as guilty for their thoughts as for their deeds. In brooding conversations in their cell, they mull over the infinite possibilities of their guilt in the neo-realist manner made familiar by Robbe-Grillet's *Last Year at Marienbad*.

In one flashback it appears that Alex, the boxer, killed an opponent in the ring. But later it turns out that his victim may have been a prostitute who humiliated

him or a homosexual whom he feared. Match, the gambler, may have killed his possessive mother—or was it his indifferent father? The doctor may have pushed his brother over a cliff, or did he strangle his mistress? Eugene, a crane operator at a construction project, thinks he stabbed his faithless wife; on the other hand, he may have dumped a load of iron beams on his foreman, whom he suspected of being her lover.

With rare insight, Cau traces the growth of guilt in his characters. After the death of his brother, his parents' favorite child, the doctor fell ill and tried to atone by dying. In his sickbed, he saw (or did he imagine?) his mother trying on her mourning finery and soothing him: "You're going to go away to be nice to Mama, aren't you, my love? You won't get well like a bad little boy. . . ." Match was sure he had insulted his parents by being born ugly: "I was never entitled to the qualities of a child, I will always regard myself as a duty or a crime." Once he thought he was shrinking, instead of growing like other children, and was overjoyed at the prospect of returning to nothingness.

The Chains that Release. For these men, prison is not so much a confinement as a release. "It pleases me that everything should be forbidding," muses one of them. "I want to be forbidden to raise my little finger. I want exact count to be kept of my coughs, my glances, my sighs. I want no one to forget the slammed door, the lost handkerchief, the hidden cigarette, the broken shoelace; I want to be bound so tight that at the slightest movement the chains will bruise my flesh. I want to be pierced by light. I want to be absolutely pure."

In Sartre's play *No Exit*, three people imprisoned together for eternity conclude, bitterly, that "Hell is—other people!" But it is other people that make Cau's prison bearable and a bit like heaven. By unburdening themselves to one another, by being able to share their guilt, the four prisoners achieve a happiness they never had outside prison.

Novels Should Not Lie

SMITH AND JONES (182 pp.)—Nicholas Monsarrat—Sloane (\$3.50).

The reader is encouraged to believe that this new novel by Nicholas (*The Cruel Sea*) Monsarrat is about the celebrated defection of British Diplomats Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean. It is an exemplar, say the publishers, of a series dramatizing issues "weighing upon men's minds in the mid-Twentieth Century."

The case of Burgess and Maclean could indeed serve as a topical framework for a fictional dramatization of the rival moral claims of East and West. Why did two members of the British Establishment opt for the enemy in the cold war and turn up in Moscow with denunciations of the civilization that produced them?

But Monsarrat's narrative soon proves

puzzling. His hero is a Foreign Service security officer known as "Drill-Pig," attached as third secretary to a Western embassy, who appears to be more important than the ambassador himself. Is Monsarrat trying to say that the necessity for security in the West has infected the whole organization and personnel of the British Foreign Service with the methods of a totalitarian state? Smith and Jones do not seem to be staking their lives on a confrontation of opposing faiths; they appear only as a couple of sexual deviates who might just as well have flitted to Ischia or any other hospitable enclave.

Only in the last word of the novel is it made clear that Smith and Jones are really a couple of Iron Curtain diplomats—and here the surprise ending pops like



NICHOLAS MONSARRAT
Surprise in a paper bag.

a paper bag—in "that strange faraway foreign capital, Ottawa." Yes, all the time they were really Communists who have defected to the West.

Checking back on the story, the reader will realize that the things that troubled him all along about *Drill-Pig* are really the result of deliberate contrivance: he has been hornswoogled into believing that he is being given a fictional insight into one kind of life while actually being presented with another. Monsarrat's novelistic sleight-of-hand can be excused only as a demonstration of a conviction that the code of Communism is identical with the code of freedom, and that the philosophic claims of Western civilization are only hypocrisy. The excuse seems worse than the trick.

A Fascist Childhood

THE SKY FALLS (158 pp.)—Lorenzo Mazzeffi—McKay (\$3.75).

Tales of growing up are generally tiresome to those for whom whimper, shyness and first love are not the crises they once were. *The Sky Falls* is one of the best novels of childhood to appear in many years, precisely because it is not childish.

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RICHMOND, INDIANA

uncle and his family on his estate in Tuscany. They love everybody with the rich confusion of childhood. "I love Baby the same as Jesus," ten-year-old Penny declares. "and God the same as Mussolini, and Italy and the Fatherland less than God but more than my yellow bear." School is a hodgepodge of religion and Fascism. The children sing *Ave Maria* with a lily in their right hands; then they haul out the Fascist hymn, switch the lily to their left hands and give the Roman salute.

The war is a remote excitement. When it gets too close, the little girls are sure their all-powerful uncle can wish it away. One night at dinner, there is an air raid that shakes the villa. But Uncle Wilhelm says authoritatively, "Serve the dessert," and the planes fly off. Uncle Wilhelm is Jewish, but his estate is the biggest in the area, and the little girls' only worry about him is that their Catholic schoolmates tell them that he is doomed to hell-fire. When retreating German soldiers put up at the villa, the girls are upset that Uncle does not show more hospitality to their visitors. The soldiers cater to the whims of the little girls. There is a touching scene when the German general, invited to a supper in the woods, obediently sips soup in the company of assorted dolls and Penny's yellow bear.

But this childhood idyll comes to a tragic end. A last desperate band of Germans, fleeing before the Allied advance, pass by the villa. Pushing the girls aside, the Germans execute their Jewish uncle's family. Returning to find his family dead and his villa in flames, Uncle Wilhelm shoots himself. Innocence has seldom had a more brutal death.

Lorenza Mazzetti, 30, an Italian film and TV scriptwriter, dedicated her novel (the first of a trilogy) to her own Jewish uncle, who was driven to suicide by the Nazis in the last days of the war. It is a worthy monument.

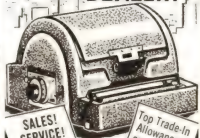
The Square Triangle

SALT (318 pp.)—Herbert Gold—Dial (\$4.95).

Novelist Herbert Gold, 30, has as cruel an eye for human foibles as Hieronymus Bosch, but his heart is awash with love of the world. At his best, this has made him a kind of romantic poet turned pitchman for the seamy side of life. Miraculously blending hip talk, shop talk, tough talk and the rumpled jargon of half-educated America, Gold often makes fun of the grotesques—con men, carnival barkers, sleazy hotel managers—who are his favorite characters. But he never treats them as victims of society. Their small limbo worlds take on the likeness of the great world; their cowardice, their courage, their need for love loom as vast as anybody's.

When Gold tries to move from the fringes of society, however, to the mainstream of successful American life, his rush of eloquence falters. *The Optimist*, a novel which plumbed the past of a rising young politician, was a muddled near-

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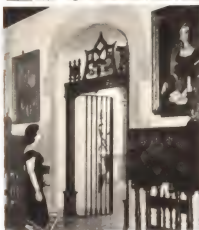
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HERBERT GOLD
The eloquence falters.

failure, *Salt* is a dreary near-disaster which recounts the triangular love trials of three well-heeled-squares in Manhattan.

Apparently, Gold is trying to say that up-and-coming Americans, tormented by a sense of futility and lack of purpose, try to make love make up for everything else. In the process, they poke and prod and worry it almost to death. So, alas, does Gold.

The Bad Shepherd

THE SIN OF FATHER AMARO (352 pp.)
—Eça de Queiroz—St. Martin's (\$5.95).

When young Father Amaro arrives at his new post in the cathedral town of Leiria, he finds Father Dias, his old mentor from seminary days, snugly ensconced with a plump middle-aged mistress. The local abbot, a famous chef and gourmet, delivers sermons on such worldly topics as how to prepare *sarrabulhos*—a Portuguese delicacy concocted from pig's blood and giblets. Worldliness is a communicable disease. Soon Father Amaro is successfully pursuing Amelia, the beautiful daughter of his new landlady.

Love of God and lust soon become hopelessly intermingled. Because Amaro is her spiritual guide as well as her lover, Amelia comes to exist in a kind of circular spiritual-slavery. "Her judgments now came already formed from the priest's brain. . . . She lived with her eyes on him in animal obedience; all she had to do was bow her head when he spoke and when the moment came, let down her skirts."

Profoundly blasphemous, searingly angry, Eça de Queiroz' chronicle of the tragedy that follows is at once a chilling morality tale and a corrosive indictment of the priest-ridden society of Portugal in the 1860s. The book was written in 1871, but Queiroz had his troubles getting it published. After it finally appeared in 1874, it was inevitably put on the Index. But by the time Queiroz, a patrician career diplomat as well as author, died in



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M22

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Thus, more time-in-the-making restricts production of our modest country distillery to a few choice barrels a day.

And more time-in-the-aging delays still further the happy moment when OLD FITZGERALD reaches your glass. I know of no Kentucky distiller who purposely "sits" on his whiskey to such advanced ages as we.

Yet Time alone, be it sun time or railroad, is the very essence of OLD FITZGERALD's memorable flavor and unforgettable bouquet.

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1900, he was recognized not only as Portugal's first realistic novelist but his country's greatest writer of prose. Widely praised and known in Europe for half a century, *Amaro* is now available in the U.S. for the first time.

Today, Queiroz' controversial work seems too gothic in spots: at the book's close, for example, Amelia dies in childbirth, and Amaro arranges to have the baby murdered by an obliging nurse. Yet Queiroz is a prose master whose message wears better than most 19th century literary reformers. He is not simple-minded enough to believe that Rome is the root of all evil. His churchmen are protected by organized ecclesiastical hypocrisy, but their depravity is all their own. Queiroz' ultimate target is no single human institution but human nature itself.

Powell's Piano Exercise

WHAT'S BECOME OF WARING [236 pp.]
—Anthony Powell—Little, Brown [\$4].

Few young authors would let a character say without irony or bitterness: "Only in the publishing business is authorship considered important." What Author Anthony Powell thinks of the publishing business is apparently symbolized by the enigmatic figure of T. T. Waring, one of those writers whose major talent is for adroit personal publicity, and who is the big purse winner in the spavined stable of literary hacks owned by the dim publishing house of Judkins & Judkins.

Waring is the pseudonymous author of unusually bogus travel books, whose disappearance sets in motion an intricate clockwork of social comedy in prewar literary London. When this book was written (in 1938), Powell had just abandoned a novelist's apprenticeship as an employee of a London publisher. *What's Become of Waring* is thus a young man's gibe against his job. But the joke wears well, though its first U.S. publication is obviously based on Powell's present status as the author of *The Music of Time*, the series of books (six to date) that comprises one of the major enterprises of contemporary fiction.

Powell fans—a small but besotted class of addicts—will be enchanted by this early piano exercise before he developed his small but sure range of chamber-music orchestration. The action of the book moves about the peeling off, in successive layers, of Waring's false colors. His reported death causes the commission of a quick biography. This reveals that Waring's books on Ceylon, Tibet, Spain, etc., have been largely lifted from forgotten, out-of-print books by genuine travelers. He had never been anywhere farther flung than a pension on the French Riviera. His name was sometimes Robinson, but as a last resort, Pimley. Then it transpires that even his death was phony. He is very much alive, a slightly hangdog young minor spiv and con man who has happily dropped the burdens of authorship in favor of marriage to a sprightly American divorcee with silver hair and a white and gold yacht. Powell has a truly English wariness toward women, whom he seems

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NASA's Project Fire; the
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to regard, at best, as dangerous domestic pets always ready to slip their leash.

If *aring* is not the work of a young man trying to find his way: Powell is already the detached, well-informed, amused observer, a masterful mimic and the most shameless juggler of coincidence since Dickens.

The Devoted Murderers

THE PUMPKIN EATER (222 pp.)—Penelope Mortimer—McGraw-Hill (\$4.95).

"We didn't love each other as most people love; and yet the moment I have said that I think of the men and women I have seen clasped together with eyes full of loathing, men and women who murder each other with all the weapons of devotion." So says the Peter pumpkin eater of the title. He is a loosely knit English screenwriter named Jake Armitage, and



PENELOPE MORTIMER
Resigned to a private hell.

the wife he has put in the pumpkin shell is the narrator—a woman who remains as nameless to the reader as she seems faceless to herself.

The wife, at 38, is in her fourth marriage. Jake is in his first, and they are surrounded by an unnumbered "body-guard" of children. The crisis in their marriage comes when the wife learns that Jake has been unfaithful to her, and she collapses in a "haemorrhage of grief."

The heroine's trouble is her belief that "with the slightest effort we could escape to some safe place where everything would be ordered and good and indestructible." Her first three marriages were a kind of play. But slowly she finds resignation and returns to Jake with no illusions: "I was no longer frightened of him. I no longer needed him. I accepted him at last, because he was inevitable."

That conclusion may at first seem small recompense for the private hells the characters have been wallowing in. Yet such is the power of Author Mortimer's mordant vision that the wife's resignation finally appears as the sort of accommodation any loving murderer might wish.



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1. The yawl *Circe*, high, dry and handsome, the Class B winner in the 1954 Bermuda Race (SI, May 16, 1955)
2. World Champion Valeri Brumel of the USSR clearing 7-feet-2 in the 1963 Millrose Games (SI, Feb. 11, 1963)
3. The David S. Ingalls Rink at Yale University, designed by the late Eero Saarinen (SI, Feb. 9, 1959)
4. An English fox hunt on a California desert, by members of the West Hills Hunt (SI, May 8, 1961)
5. Mickey Mantle, heir to the tradition of Ruth and DiMaggio, could *bunt* .300 (SI, April 10, 1961)
6. The classic Houghton harness racing sulky is today basically what it was in 1908 (SI, May 14, 1962)
7. Tenley Albright reveals the elegance that made her the 1956 Olympic Champion (SI, Feb. 7, 1955)

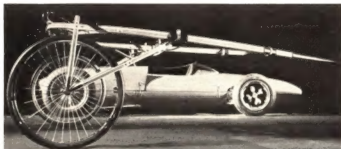


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zation, temperature control, ventilation and atmosphere purification in the two-man spacecraft and in both astronauts' suits for the entire flight. AiResearch also supplies the supercritical cryogenic oxygen and hydrogen tankage system for the fuel cell power supply.

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